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SCRAPS.—Mangold Wurtzel; New Discoveries, at First Glance; Lazarus' Christmas Eve Song, 736—Surplice Question; Punch, 757.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE published, a few numbers ago, a notice by the Newark Daily Advertiser, of the labors of Miss Dix in New Jersey. She has been pursuing the course to which she has devoted herself, in Pennsylvania—searching out the lunatic, the miserable, the despairing; in filthy prisons and Alms Houses;—showing the horrors which have been accumulating around us, without our knowledge—and rousing the hearts and consciences of men who have let all this suffering go on, because it was not their especial business to find it out—but who are warmed to the work by the steady, unsparing self-denial of a stranger and a woman. She comes in the spirit and power of Howard. How strong is simple, persevering, disinterested goodness! There is something in human nature, bad as it is, which always bows itself in devout esteem before such laborers.

We had formerly an article showing how much pleasure and profit the insane were capable of, in conducting a farm. This number contains a still more interesting account of their managing a periodical work. It might be well by way of experiment, to employ them as members of Congress, for a single session.

The article on the exportation of Indian corn to England, is a very important one. Sir Robert Peel already indirectly admits much of our bread stuffs into England, at a very low duty, through Canada. We are anxious to see a rapid growth of trade with England and her Colonies, not only for its own sake—but because it will give us additional bonds of peace. And a very large sale of maize might take place to the great good of the poor in England—and in a considerable degree without affecting the farming interest there. But even if it should relax the monopoly still further—it ought to, and will be done.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

LOOK TO THE END; OR THE BENNETTS ABROAD. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of the Women of England, in all their Phases. Here is a large book, containing as much as two ordinary duodecimo

volumes for 124 cents. Mrs. Ellis' books have been good we believe, and if we had time we should read this as an experiment.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN. Part 3.

From Lloyd P. Smith, Philadelphia.

SMITH'S WEEKLY VOLUME, NOS. 1—10. This is a very handsome reprint of new English Books, in a large quarto form, coming out every Wednesday, at \$4 a year. These ten numbers are composed of the following books: England, Scotland, Ireland, by the Viscount D'Arlingcourt; The Englishman in Egypt, by Mrs. Poole; The Master Passion, by T. C. Grattan; Texas, and the Gulf of Mexico, by Mrs. Houstoun; The Smiths; Mademoiselle Le Normand. The first, second, and fourth books are very good, and very pleasant reading. The third, fifth, and sixth we have not read. The price is moderate, and the mechanical execution very good—and we should think this a very desirable work, especially for the country, where new books are not easily procured. We notice that many and perhaps all of these works are also printed in very neat pocket volumes for those who prefer the smaller size.

FLOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES. By J. P. F. Richter. Translated from the German by E. H. Noel. Boston, James Munroe & Co., 1845. This is a well-executed translation of one of the best-known works of "Jean Paul, the Only One," as his countrymen style him. It describes with infinite wit and pathos the first trials of marriage between an ill-assorted pair, the husband a literary man, a half-stoical philosopher and humorist, the wife a sweet, pure, but uneducated and narrow-minded little milliner. The two are shut up together in one small apartment to encounter the anguish of a growing poverty, and the friction of habits and dispositions entirely uncongenial. The hopes, the surprises, the disappointments, and the relents are described with great and penetrating sweetness. Some parts of the book will be skipped by those who weary as we do of the Only One's often tasteless aberrations and spider-fine fancies. But it reads better in English and seems better adapted to Anglo-American eyes than we could have imagined. The description of friendship between the two men is very fine. A beautiful passage is that which describes their first meeting at the church and the traits of character they had in common. Richter was a devout friend, and knows how to portray deep intimacy between equal natures; such as is seldom known in fact—seldomer in fiction.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN AMERICA.

In no other country in the world, perhaps, is the newspaper press so powerful an engine as in the United States. Nowhere else is it so omnipresent in its action, so omnipotent in its influence. It addresses itself not to a class or a section of the people, but universally to the nation. In the social structure of America, there is no great class devoid of the first elements of education. In the northern states especially, the ability to read and write is universal. In a state of society which converts every man into an active politician, the species of information most in demand, and most greedily devoured, may be readily surmised. The constant yearning for political intelligence is incredible to any but an eye-witness. The newspaper offices may be said to be, to the Americans generally, what the gin-palaces are to a section of the London population—the grand source whence they derive the pabulum of excitement. Such being the case, it is no wonder that journals should multiply amongst them. Almost every shade of opinion, political, social, or religious, has now its representative organ or organs. The press in America speaks to every one and of every one. Its voice is heard in every cabin in the land; its representatives are found thickly scattered over every settlement; it is a power irresistible, and which must be conciliated; making itself felt in every public department, and at the same time exercising a tremendous influence over private life.

In England, the daily papers are confined to the metropolis. In America, the daily press may be said to be the rule, the semi-weekly and weekly the exception. The newspaper is an essential feature in almost every American village. Towns, such as in England would have no newspaper of their own, have in America their daily journals. It is seldom that a population as low as two thousand is to be found without them, battling for the great factions which agitate every corner of the country. They take a pride in having their local organs, and enterprise soon avails itself of this feeling. The reader may better judge of their multiplicity from a single instance. I select a town which stands on the borders of Lake Ontario, and which contains about 20,000 inhabitants. In that town there are at this moment three daily papers; two of them appearing in the morning, the other being an evening paper. They are all independent of each other, and none of them neutral. The evening paper takes a strong party stand with one of its morning contemporaries; and although these represent the opinions of the minority both in the town and county, there is yet sufficient room for them both: they are, indeed, all flourishing. Besides these, a weekly paper is issued from their respective establishments, which is widely circulated in the county amongst those who cannot afford the luxury of one daily; but with each of them, the number of daily impressions despatched into the surrounding townships is fully equal to that of the weekly editions. They are all to be met with in the bar-rooms of taverns, and in private houses, according to the political bias of the inmates, and there are few houses, amongst the farmers especially, which are not thus provided. The inhabitants of this town have also a weekly medical paper, a weekly paper exclusively agricultural, another exclusively liter-

ary, and another of a satirical character. All these have existed for years, and keep their ground well. Superadded to these, hundreds of daily papers, issued from Albany or New York, arrive by post for subscribers resident in the town—the latter being taken principally for the more authentic information, and the better comments they contain upon matters of general policy, which their readers are thus in possession of before the local papers can copy them.

The universal interest taken in politics is not the only means of accounting for the astonishing variety and number of American newspapers. The cheap rate at which they can be obtained, and the extensively available channel which they open for advertising, contribute materially to the increase of their number. A daily paper of the first class can be procured for eight dollars annually—less than two pounds sterling. Many are furnished for six dollars; and some respectable daily prints are published in New York as low as three. A daily English paper costs more than three times the price of the highest of these, or from six to seven pounds. Some are sold in the streets of New York at the rate of a cent a number—that is, a fraction more than an English halfpenny. The character of the American papers, their general tone and literary ability, in comparison with those of England, are not at present under consideration. With all the trashy and pernicious stuff which the majority of them diffuse throughout the community, they circulate a vast mass of useful and solid information, creating a degree of intellectual activity which cannot but be beneficial to a people.

As an advertising medium, the public journals of America are used to an extent unparalleled in this country. With a white population amounting to little more than half that of Great Britain, and with a commerce scarcely equalling in extent one-third of that of this country, the number of advertisements published in America within the last seven years, as compared with the number published during the same period in this country, was in greater proportion than six to one. This difference is created by the absence of all advertisement duties, by the general cheapness in the rate of advertising, and by the extensive circulation of the different papers—a circulation, as already shown, large, from the enormous political appetite of the public, but greatly increased by the universality of the practice of advertising. In general, even the remotest inland papers lay out three-fourths of their space for advertisements. The rate of insertion is exceedingly moderate, and their profits arise from the species of wholesale advertising business which they carry on. Many papers adopt the system of letting as much of their space as will let for a specified time, the lessee selecting his own part of the paper as he would his pew in a church, or his family burying-ground in a cemetery, and paying for it by its square measurement. To secure permanent customers of this sort, the rate is lowered to a kind of wholesale price; and sometimes a year's advertising, not exceeding from thirty to forty lines each day, can be thus procured as low as seventeen dollars. During the period to which a bargain of this kind extends, the control of the advertiser over the spot selected by him is in a manner absolute, and his announcements are to be found in all shapes and positions—upside down, in the form of a pyramid or cross, diagonal, vertical, or Chinese fashion.

Almost every one advertises, for every one is busy. In the northern states there are no idlers; every man has his vocation; and from the lawyer to the chimney-sweep, their services are offered to the public through the medium of the newspaper. Indeed, it is common for the former functionaries, especially in the interior, to have standing cards in their local papers, informing the public both of their place and hours of business. Its advertising columns are frequently the most amusing, though sometimes a very disgusting part of a paper: every trick is resorted to to arrest attention; each page is illuminated with hats, houses, boots, umbrellas, barrels, cattle of all descriptions, every item of male attire, locomotives, steamboats, canal boats, "fast-sailing schooners," and a multitude of other objects which enter into the multifarious business of mankind; and the smile which this occasions is often prolonged by the mode of announcement in the letter-press. Announcements such as follow are selected from a thousand others equally absurd and bombastic:—"North, south, east, and west, your interests are in danger;" and when one eagerly reads on to learn the source of alarm, he finds it to consist, perhaps, of the additional cent per yard which all but the advertiser charge on some flaunting calico pattern. "Shopping a luxury," "money no object," "competition flooded," "stern defiance," "to arms, to arms, to arms! the body politic in danger from—Jack Frost," &c.; and these are sometimes surmounted by grotesque designs, in some of which the advertiser is seen engaged in a race of speed with his neighbors and competitors, and outstripping them all. A shrewd observer of human nature was the Alabama sheriff, who headed an advertisement of a land sale with—"Don't read this."

If there be one thing more than another which marks an American newspaper, it is the violence of its political disquisitions. On the subject of politics, a transatlantic journal is unacquainted with moderation; and of the thousands published daily and weekly, there are few that begin by being, and fewer still that continue to be, neutral. Into the political vortex they are all drawn, there to be tossed to and fro, in a delirious round; on one side or another, in the strife of party, they are all ranged. On the eve of an election, their political complexion is discerned at a glance by the "ticket" which heads their editorial columns, the "ticket" consisting of the names, in large type, of the candidates whose election they advocate. This is done in their election both for state and for federal offices. The "ticket" is called their "flag;" and thus a paper is said to hoist the flag of Henry Clay, of Mr. Polk, or of Martin Van Buren, as the case may be. As soon as a nomination, by the different parties, of candidates takes place, all the papers are committed; and some are bold enough, even before a nomination, to hoist at once its own favorite flag, although, as soon as the nomination takes place—such is their devotion to party—these are invariably hauled down to make way for the "ticket" of the fortunate nominees. The asperity with which they conduct the political battle under their respective ensigns is a great blemish on their character. They take and they give no quarter. On the approach of an election, a stranger would anticipate, from perusing their columns, that every polling-place in the country must inevitably become the scene of a diabolical carnage; and yet, in the main, the business of polling in America is a very peaceable affair. In

1840, upwards of two millions of votes were recorded for the contending claimants to the presidency, and yet not a drop of blood was spilt throughout the length and breadth of the land. The wrath of the people effervesces in their party organs; and that bitterness and vituperation which are the creations of their printing-presses, seldom lead to any desperate personal collision. The worst feature of the journals is, unquestionably, their gross and disgusting personality. To serve a party purpose, they invade, without scruple, the sanctity of private life. Daily, in some quarter or other, is one of their prominent senators reminded of some trifling peccadillo, of which he is alleged to have been guilty at school, when about eleven years old; and Ex-Governor Marcy of New York will be reminded by the whig press to his dying day that he charged the treasury two shillings and ninepence\* for mending his breeches, which were accidentally damaged during an official tour through the state. The party names and epithets which they bestow upon each other are amusing, though sometimes degrading enough; "Loco Focos," "Blue Lights," and "Hoco Pocos," being sufficient as samples of their political Billingsgate. They have no idea of receiving an electioneering triumph with quiet satisfaction. The exultation of the successful party is unbounded; and they like to try the temper of their crest-fallen opponents, by making it as ostentatious as possible. They celebrate their victory by illuminating their houses, while their organs illuminate their pages. Sometimes a cock is perched at the head of the editorial columns, and being in the attitude of crowing, there can be no mistake of the object for which he is thus placed. In 1838 and 1840, when the whigs triumphed in New York, a leading journal in Albany, the capital of the state, devoted one whole side to an enormous eagle, which was represented with outstretched wings flying over the country with the "glorious intelligence."

The same rivalry in seeking to obtain early or exclusive news which distinguishes the London press, is also a marked feature in the conduct of American journals. To be the first to furnish the public with a president's message—with some great speech in congress, which has been eagerly looked forward to—with any minor or secret intelligence concerning the cabinet and its doings—with the fate of any important measure in the legislature—or with European intelligence, is, particularly with the New York and Philadelphia papers, sufficient to induce them to incur a lavish expenditure. In some instances a whole edition of a New York paper has been printed in Washington, on the opening of the legislative session, so that the train from the capital, which brought to the other papers only the report from which they might publish for themselves, has brought their more alert contemporary in full sheet, which realized an enormous sale in the streets before its rivals could make their appearance. Many of the New York papers have their regular couriers in Boston, who start with the European files the moment the packet arrives, arranging the news for their different offices on the road; and some of them, as soon as a vessel from Europe is tele-

\* Slander never loses by repetition, nor, it seems, by exportation. The charge for repairs has never been stated by American whigs at more than half a dollar, which is very little more than two shillings. But it seems that even Chambers' Journal has enough of the monarchical spirit to delight in this gross exaggeration!]



graphed in "the Narrows," hire a steamboat with which to meet her, so that the news which she bears is hawked about the streets long before she reaches the Battery.

In a literary point of view, nine tenths of the American journals are at zero in the scale of respectability. Their editors are more frequently rather men of bustling enterprise than of talent and education. In the main, the business of editing in America is destructive of everything like delicacy or refinement. What is required, is tantamount to a pair of good fists in physical scuffling—to give good blows, and have a hard head to receive them in return. In many cases, the editors are, simultaneously with the conduct of the paper, engaged in other pursuits—mechanical, mercantile or professional—a part of their time only being devoted to their editorial duties. When it is recollected that this is the case even in the management of a daily paper, its slovenly appearance and inferior general character are in part accounted for. There is seldom the requisite degree of unity in their management to make even a tolerable paper. When there are several proprietors, it is not unfrequent to find them—although they have a nominal editor—all acting as editors, and sending paragraphs to the compositor, without the slightest consultation with the responsible party. This gives rise, of course, to many serious incongruities, and involves them in many awkward inconsistencies. The editor is seldom called upon to write; his position is more that of a receiver of paragraphs than a writer. He draws far more frequently upon the editor's box than upon his own brain; he seldom ventures on what may be called a leading article, trusting for general political intelligence to his more ably conducted metropolitan contemporaries. Instead of this, the original matter of these papers often consists of a host of letters from young and ambitious politicians, each of whom, aspiring to the presidency, is anxious to make himself known to fame as speedily as possible. These effusions are all characterized by what seem essential ingredients in American polemics—gross abuse and acrimonious invective. They are eagerly read, especially when the object or party attacked is of a local character or standing. The columns of the journals are likewise freely open to the essayist, from whose prolific pen they often insert long, dull and vapid nothings. A poet's corner is an almost invariable appendage; and, judging from its constant occupation, the muse is most extensively, if not very successfully, cultivated in America. The vast majority of poetic contributors are sentimental young ladies. Is there a child born into the world!—its parents are sure to have some poetic friend in the shape of a young lady, who indites an ode to its advent; is it baptized!—another ode, commemorative of the event, is inflicted upon the public. Is there a marriage!—some one is sure to torture into being a hymeneal hymn for the occasion. Is there a death!—it is no easy matter for an editor to select from the bundle of elegies he receives. Is there a shipwreck or any great national event!—and the poor beworried *nine* are called upon to inspire a thousand pens, and to direct a thousand very errant fancies. When a young lady marries, however poetically inclined she may have been before, she rapidly subsides into the prosaic mass, finding, when she has babies of her own, that she has more urgent duties to attend to than to write poems about them. The newspaper literature of

America is of enormous bulk, but of no elevation. It is one great dead sea of stagnant water, with no flashing wave to break its dull surface—no phosphorescence to illuminate its depths.

The editor of an American newspaper, writing but little, is, in almost every other sense, a working-man. In general, the control of every department in the establishment is vested in him alone; he keeps the books, receives and pays out money, takes the advertisements, and, on an emergency, can sometimes turn compositor. When he enters with zeal into his task, his labors are of the most multifarious description. He must attend all political meetings of his own party, and must be found in the van of practical out-door politicians. He is always expected to be an orator, and is generally an oracle. At party meetings he must pander well to the peculiar tastes of his hearers; and, consequently, he who on such occasions surpasses all others in the measure of his language and the fury of his gestures, is in most cases—the editor. His field extends also to the committee-room and the secret "caucus." He is always installed in the most laborious post, and generally fulfils his duty to the satisfaction of his constituents. In England, the paper is everything, the editor nothing. In America, the editor is invariably identified with his paper. It is he who is the recipient of contemporary abuse; it is on his shoulders that fall all the odium and acrimony of the opposite faction. This is universally so. In New York, in Albany, in Boston, and in other leading towns, the editors are all known, and assailed respectively by one another. In the interior, this system is, of course, carried to a greater and more revolting extent than in the capitals. From each paper might be culled the complete biography of the editor of its opponent. The moment a new editor makes his appearance in any place, the opposition papers open upon him; and everything to which malicious ingenuity can impart an equivocal character, is evoked from the past, and presented as a series of delicious morsels to the palate of faction. In self-defence, the outraged stranger must retort, and a host of recriminations ensue, to the great gratification of all who are out of the ring, and, if possible, more scurrilous in their character than were the bulls and invectives which for seventy years, during the great western schism, were fulminated between Avignon and Rome. To the leading party journals much is frequently owing in the issue of an election. But, even then, it is the editor who is lauded and rewarded. The party is not satisfied with the expression of a vague gratitude to an establishment; it seizes upon the editor as a more tangible object, and on him lavishes its praises, and sometimes proves its appreciation of his services by presenting him, as was done to the editor of the Albany Evening Journal in 1840, with—a cloak. Known as they are, it is seldom, as is the case in France, that they are raised to any political eminence. They are hard-working party hacks; their influence in the political world chiefly arising from their party services. Their power is the reverse of that which emanates from intellectual and moral dignity.

Frequently as the law is infringed, it is seldom that an American paper is brought in contact with a civil court. The law of libel is clearly defined in the statute-books; but American juries have tastes not very consistent with a too rigid administration of it. It is seldom, therefore, that the



libelled individual looks beyond his walking-stick, his riding-whip, his pistol, or his bowie knife, for redress. The case of the novelist Cooper is an exception to this assertion. He brought several actions for libel against different papers, in some of which he adroitly pleaded his own cause, and in many of which he was successful. The libels of which he complained, arising as they did from literary criticisms, were not such as generally instruct and amuse the public. Had they been of a strong personal cast, it is questionable if he would have got a verdict sufficient even to carry costs. This, it must be allowed, indicates a low tone of public morals.

The foregoing sketch is applicable to the great majority of American newspapers. Very few can be named as exceptions to the general description. Some of these, it must be admitted, do honor to themselves, and credit to their country. Their political writing is characterized by temper, judgment and ability; and the literary department of some of them is conducted in a style, and marked with a spirit, which would do no discredit to the most respectable journals of the old world. The great bulk of their contemporaries are, on the whole, more prejudicial than advantageous to the public morals and tastes. It is a pity to see so powerful an engine so woefully misdirected. If its energies emanated from proper principles—were the zeal which directs its efforts, a zeal for man's intellectual and moral good—the press in America, from its increased and increasing power, might undo, in a very short time, much of the mischief which its vicious direction has entailed upon the country, and work a great social cure where it is now creating nothing but social disorders.

From the Monthly Review.

1. *Notes on Northern Africa, the Sahara, and Soudan, in relation to the Ethnography, Languages, History, Political and Social Condition of the Natives of those Countries.* By WILLIAM B. HODGSON, late Consul of the United States near the Regency of Tunis. Wiley and Putnam.
2. *Algeria: Past and Present. From Notes made during a personal Visit in 1843, and from the Works of Modern Historians, Travellers, &c., Official Documents of the French Government, the Memoirs of the Corps of Savans, &c. &c.* By J. H. BLOFELD, Esq. Newby.

MR. HODGSON'S "Notes" need not detain us at any length, seeing that, although he must have had unusual scope for observation, and enjoyed the privileges of his official position, he either has not taken advantage of his opportunities to go widely into Tunisian life and character, or has not indulged, if he possesses it, a descriptive talent, where, one would suppose, there was such an abundant field for graphic pen and pencil. On the contrary, science is his department, applied to language, and the origin of races, as these presented themselves to him in Northern Africa; nor have we any doubt of his work proving a valuable contribution to this class of speculations; the numerous materials and evidences, besides, which he has industriously and with skill gathered, being calculated to supply scholars with data, and, perhaps, with incontrovertible conclusions, in relation to the recondite subjects handled. The vocabularies which he has collected, are, at least, curious; and

we know that language is one of the surest and truest keys to history, be it social or political.

Very different is the character of Mr. Blofeld's "Algeria," for it goes as far to the extreme of discursiveness, and comprehensive aim, as the "Notes" to that of limitation and confinement. The author, indeed, at once deals very fairly with purchasers and readers; for he distinctly tells us that his book contains "a description of the country, the Moors, Kabyles, Arabs, Turks, Jews, Negroes, Cologlies, and other inhabitants; their habits, manners, customs, &c., together with notices of the animal and vegetable productions, minerals, climate, &c., with a review of its history from the earliest periods to the present time, the whole carefully revised and corrected from notes made during a personal visit in 1843, and from the works of ancient and modern historians, travellers, &c., official documents of the French government, the memoirs of the corps of savans, &c. &c." It must be quite manifest from the foregoing announcement, that this is a book which, in a great measure, has been made out of books, and that it must to that extent be tested according to the requirements of compilation. As such, we have to say, that it has the merit of closeness, pertinency, and condensation. We have also to state, that even the gatherings from others have that air of freshness and truth which naturally might be expected from a writer who is interested in his subject, and who strung his notes together on the very spot to which they properly belonged. But the work is not entirely compilation well executed, for a considerable portion is the result of experience, personal inquiry, and eye-sight; the whole spiced with a sufficiency of classical and antiquarian lore, to lend the richness of variety, and the learning proper for seasoning the whole. The country is sketched with a pains-taking interest; the motley population are graphically described; and the natural productions are very fully enumerated and characterized. Algeria is wealthy in regard to domestic animals, and Mr. Blofeld has registered them, as well as the vegetable natives, with great care. In short, the volume, in the present state of European knowledge which exists in respect of Algeria, is the completest that we know of; and whether considered as a guide, a compact history, or a traveller's notes of observation and reminiscence, is to be recommended.

It is to be remarked, however, that our present state of knowledge concerning Algeria is very limited, and, indeed, as far as regards the entire territory and people of Barbary; for few travellers have the courage to adventure any considerable distance beyond the southern shores of the Mediterranean, or of Morocco on the Atlantic seaboard. At the same time, everybody feels, since the French attempt at conquest and occupation of Algiers has been made, that Barbary must command a constantly increasing interest, were it merely as an experiment in colonization, and as this is conducted by our gay and gallant neighbors.

It has generally been held as a settled point, that the French cannot compare with the British as colonists, making the comparison merely on the score of living in harmony with the native population of a settlement. They err in rashly interfering not only with the habits and prejudices of the people among whom they sit down, but in forgetting that the prosperity of the conquering colonist is necessarily coördinate and concomitant with that of the aboriginal race, or the conquered possessor.

With reference to minor matters, it would appear, for example, from Blofeld's testimony, that the French have erected buildings in the city of Algiers, of such a towering height, as to overlook the Moorish flat roofs, so as to prevent the immured women the enjoyment of one of their greatest recreations. There are, however, grounds for much graver charges, amounting to gross folly, oppression, and cruelty. But into these we do not enter; thinking it better that our readers should bestow a glance upon many instances of British policy in our government of India, and other quarters of the globe.

A not less important theme than that of the comparative merits of systems of colonization, and, indeed, one quite inseparable from it, lending it its weight and depth, consists of the question of civilization. Will the retention of Algeria by France prove a *point d'appui* for the entrance of this paramount good? Instead of undertaking an answer, we would rather propound another query:—To whom could the French restore the Algerine territory? The Turks?—they would immediately be at war with the Moors for superiority; and both Moors and Turks would join in oppressing the Jews. Then the Arabs would assert their independence, and there would be a universal civil war. Nay, it is doubtful whether, in the event of the French relinquishing Algiers, and even blowing up their ports and arsenals, the Algerines would not again rebuild their pirate ships, and react their cruelties on Christian captives.

We do not generally meet with books of the present class, from which it is so difficult to glean scattered passages that will each in itself, and within an available compass, greatly interest the reader, as in that of the case before us. Still we make a few dips. And, first, we merely invite attention to the fact that, although Algeria forms part of that vast territory anciently called Mauritania and Numidia, designated by the Romans "the garden of the world," yet the French entertain a disgust towards their settlement, and, according to Mr. Blofeld, in almost every case, are "looking forward to accumulating a purse which would enable them to return home at some future period, and live at ease." Now, there is matter in this statement for serious speculation, were it only as regards the character and the condition of the persons and families that hasten thither, or the samples that shall remain. But, to proceed, and not to tarry with our author in his particularizing account of the city of Algiers, as it existed before the arrival of the French, let us note some of the improvements which have been made by them:—

"Algiers has been greatly altered by the French; within the last ten or twelve years, entire streets have been formed or re-constructed, and buildings of several stories have been raised in the Parisian style. Private industry has made great progress, and the European shops contain an assortment of all kinds of commodities; there is no want of articles of luxury or ornament; their bazaars include the fashions and novelties of Paris; bronzes, porcelain, glass, rich shawls, embroideries, woollen stuffs, silks, cottons, &c., while the shops are numerous, and as various as those in the generality of the best French towns. Some immense works have been made in the '*Place du Gouvernement*,' in the streets '*De la Marine*,' '*Bab Azoun*,' and '*Bab el Oued*;' these have a handsome appearance with their long galleries, their shops, and the crowds which animate them.

In the street of Bab el Oued the passengers are more numerous than those in the Strand, London. In these places, excepting in some parts of the *Rue Bab el Oued*, there are no longer any Moorish houses, all is changed, and were it not for the throng of Turks, Moors, Arabs, Negroes, &c., &c., the stranger might fancy himself in one of the principal French cities. There are two theatres at Algiers, the '*Grand Théâtre*,' and the '*Théâtre des petites variétés*;' the performances are very respectable, and the *Grand Théâtre* is sometimes visited by principal performers from Paris. Besides having some good libraries, there are two well-conducted French newspapers published here. One of them, the '*Akhbar*,' I have now before me. It was published on the eighth Ramadhan, 1859, that is, on Thursday, the thirty-first of August, 1843. It is published twice a week, half a sheet in size, and contains four pages."

Even omnibusses ply daily between Algiers and Medea. To recur to native matters:—there is an amusing account of the Algerine mode of hot-bathing, as experienced by our author, coinciding pretty nearly with what we have read of in other Eastern parts, a portion of which we cite. Having been undressed, and afterwards covered with two napkins, the one tied round him like a petticoat, the other upon his shoulders, he was led from a matted saloon, handsomely illuminated, into another chamber, which was agreeably warm, in order to prepare for the sudden excess of heat into which he was to pass. He next proceeded to the grand saloon of the bath, which was covered with a spacious dome, and paved with white marble, having several closets round it. Having been told to sit down upon a circular piece of marble, instantly he became sensible of a great increase of heat; afterwards, in the course of these multifarious preliminaries, he was conducted into a closet of a milder temperature, where, having had the napkins taken off, he was laid down upon a white cloth, and left to the operations of two naked, robust negroes:—

"These men, newly brought from the interior of Africa, were ignorant of the Arabic spoken at Algiers, so I could not tell them in what way I wished to be treated, and they handled me as roughly as if I had been a Moor inured to hardship. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, each took me by the leg, and began rubbing the soles of my feet with a pumice-stone. After this operation on my feet, they put their hands into a small bag, and rubbed me all over with it as hard as they could. The distortions of my countenance must have told them what I endured, but they rubbed on smiling at each other, and sometimes giving me an encouraging look, indicating by their gestures the good it would do me. While they were thus currying me, they almost drowned me by throwing warm water upon me with large silver vessels, which were in the basin under a cock fastened in the wall. When this was over, they raised me up, putting my head under the cock, by which means the water flowed all over my body; and, as if this was not sufficient, my attendants continued plying their vessels. Then, having dried me with very fine white napkins, they each of them very respectfully kissed my hand. I considered this as a sign that all my torment was over, and was going out to dress myself, when one of the negroes, grimly smiling, stopped me, till the other returned with a kind of earth, which they

began to rub all over my body, without consulting my inclination. I was as much surprised to see it take off all the hair, as I was pained in the operation; for this earth is so quick in its effect, that it burns the skin if left upon the body. This being finished, I went through a second ablution; after which one of them seized me behind by the shoulders, and setting his two knees against the lower part of my back, made my bones crack so, that, for a time, I thought they were entirely dislocated. Nor was this all; for after whirling me about like a top to the right and left, he delivered me to his comrade, who used me in the same manner: and then, to my no small satisfaction, opened the closet door. I imagined that I had been a long time under their hands, but these servants are so quick and dexterous in these operations, that on consulting my watch, I found it had lasted but half an hour."

Our two next extracts treat of classes and tribes. First of the African Jews, as represented in Algeria. The features are never-failing throughout the four quarters of the globe:—

"The Jewish children never remain idle, as those of the Moors and Arabs, who do nothing but play from morning till night. As soon as they begin to grow up they accompany their fathers, and are thus early initiated in traffic; they frequently sell articles of utility or ornament in the streets; they know very shrewdly how to deal, and are soon as cunning as their parents. On the death of one of these people the body is enveloped in a kind of painted cloth, which allows the shape to be seen; in this state they take it to the gates of the cemetery, those who accompany it being dressed in very ragged and dirty clothes as a sign of mourning, and walking in the greatest disorder. They carry the body first to the tomb of the grand rabbin, Ben Smiah Simon, at the foot of the fort called Twenty-four Hours; after this they take the body to the sepulchre, during which they sing a prayer. Some old men and rabbins then join hands, and forming a circle, sing and dance round the grave. One amongst them, leaving the circle, distributes small pieces of gold at every turn that the old men make. When the prayer is finished, the dancers separate, and the body is lowered precipitately into its resting place. They think that the devil is always ready to take possession of the dead, and they throw the pieces of gold, imagining that while 'the old gentleman with the cloven hoofs' is occupied in picking them up, he forgets to go to the grave, which they accordingly fill up as quickly as possible. With regard to the funerals of the women, they never take the same precautions, as they say, 'Satan never tries to seize hold of them.' It is not unlikely that the rabbi come afterwards and pick up these pieces of gold, which will account for the origin of this foolish custom. If so, when these priests are capering round the grave, I should imagine that they sometimes found it rather difficult to keep from laughing in one another's faces, like the Roman augurs of old. The Jews possess some excellent qualities; they are kind and humane, and pass the day in industry and prayer. Charitable by nature and principle, they are benevolent to all, but particularly to those of their own religion. It is much to be regretted that these good qualities should be tarnished by an insatiable avarice, which guides them in almost all their actions; even their benevolence is partly influenced by it, as they think that charity is repaid

them tenfold in heaven, where God keeps an account of all their actions. Libertinism is rare among the Jews; and rarer among the men than the women, who add to their graces an excessive coquetry. Their principal amusements during the *fêtes*, are singing, and dancing, and concerts, where the men and women sing together, but dancing is exclusively confined to the latter. The Jewesses enjoy great liberty; young people of both sexes associate before marriage. A ring accepted from the hand of her lover, unites a woman for life, even against the will of her relations. Young men of inferior rank have frequently caused rings to be conveyed to young ladies of rich families, to whom they could not otherwise have hoped to be allied, and thus the parents have been surprised, and forced to give up their daughter, or buy her back with a large sum of money. On the arrival of the French, they found the Jews in a state of great abasement; the habit of submission, and the exaggerated accounts they had heard of the tyranny of their conquerors, rendered them timorous, and full of mistrust; these feelings, however, were soon changed, by the liberty and good treatment which they immediately enjoyed. They then assumed airs of consequence; these humble and submissive slaves took, in their turn, the tone and manner of master; their change of situation filled them with conceit and insolence, which they have not yet lost. So true is it that the humblest and most degraded beings become the most arrogant when they have the power."

Of the negroes we read that they, also, follow many trades, and are industrious. They even employ themselves in agriculture. They are very cunning, too, in their way; practising largely on the superstition of the Arabs. One of their artifices sometimes proves dangerous to the actors, being a ceremony in which they pretend to pass the devil into the body of those who wish it, because it is believed that in possessing him they will possess a knowledge of the future. As to their political state, they enjoy the same rights as the Moors: brave and courageous, they take up arms when occasion requires, and conduct themselves generally without reproach. They are Mussulmans, at least, in appearance, only going to the mosques on fête days; and then it is only to show their best dresses. Many negroes possess good qualities while slaves, but, in perfect conformity with human nature in general, lose them on attaining freedom:—

"As soon as they are emancipated they become thieves, and liars, perfidious, and sanguinary, and throw themselves into the most violent fits of passion, upon the slightest contradiction. Both sexes are exceedingly amorous; but the women are more so than the men; they have a marked preference for the whites. A negro can have four wives like the Moors, but they do not always avail themselves of this permission. The married women enjoy great liberty; they go out with the face uncovered whenever they please, and even uncover their bosom; they are robust, and in a state of pregnancy, they always attend to their usual occupations. Country negroes generally work with their youngest child tied upon their back; when they travel they fasten it in this situation with a piece of woollen stuff. Nature is as prodigal with regard to the physical development of the negroes, as with the other people of Africa. Children are very precocious; the girls are ma-



tured at the age of ten years, and the boys at fourteen or fifteen."

Take, last of all, an account of Arab field-sports:—

"Those who delight in fowling do not spring the game as we do with dogs; but, shading themselves with an oblong piece of canvass stretched over a couple of reeds or sticks, like a door, they walk with it through the several brakes or avenues where they expect to find game. This canvass is generally spotted or painted with the figure of a leopard; and a little below the top of it there is one or more holes, for the fowler to look through and observe what passes before him. The partridge and other gregarious birds will, upon the approach of the canvass, covey together, although they were feeding before at some distance from each other. The woodcock, quail, and such birds as do not commonly feed in flocks, will, upon sight of this extended canvass, stand still and look astonished; which gives the sportsman an opportunity of coming very near them; and then, resting the canvass upon the ground, and directing the muzzle of his gun through one of the holes, he will sometimes shoot a whole covey at once. The Arabs have another, though a more laborious method of catching these birds; for, observing that they become languid and fatigued after they have been hastily put up two or three times, they immediately run in upon them, and knock them down with sticks. They are also well acquainted with that method of catching partridges which is called tunnelling; and to make the capture the greater, they will sometimes place behind the net a cage with some tame ones in it, which, by their perpetual chirping and calling, quickly bring down the coveys that are within hearing, and so decoy great numbers of them."

It would be a pleasing and a profitable exercise to peruse Mr. Blofeld's "Notes" along with Campbell's "Letters from the South." The distinct and earlier period at which the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" visited Algiers, and the liveliness of his pictures, would enable the reader to institute important comparisons, and lead to information of considerable value, when placed by the side of the present writer's personal and graphic observations.

**FIRST JUDGMENTS ON NEW DISCOVERIES.**—However void of practical utility any discovery may at first appear, it is impossible to tell to what important results it may eventually lead. Who could have foreseen an acquaintance with the minutest wonders of the heavens from the child of a spectacle-maker amusing itself with convex glasses—the marvellous results of steam machinery from the steam issuing from a kettle—or the illumination of our towns from burning a piece of coal in the bowl of a tobacco pipe! One ingenious contriver of a steam-ship was advised by a former president of the Royal Society to employ his time on some practicable scheme, and not on a visionary speculation; and thus it is that the suspicion and distrust with which any novelty is commonly received, has tended to damp inquiry and retard science. I have been assured by that eminent geologist, the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, that his early investigation of the more recent strata of this kingdom, and especially of the Portland oolite, &c. was treated as an idle occupation of

time, and as leading to no useful purpose; whereas the progress of geology, since that time, has shown that the stability of our great public edifices depends on a proper selection from the rocks best adapted for building; and Mr. William Smith, who shared in the obloquy of following such useless pursuits in the infancy of the science, was in his old age employed by government, in conjunction with Mr. De la Beche and others, to examine the various strata of the United Kingdom, with a view to selecting the best stone for building the new houses of parliament.—*T. Sopwith on Glaciers in Great Britain. Leeds: 1842.*

**MANGOLD-WURZEL.**—A French newspaper tells the following story of the introduction of this root into cultivation in Flanders:—When Napoleon was endeavoring to protect himself against the inconveniences felt from the impossibility of obtaining colonial produce, in consequence of the activity of the English cruisers, an order was given that measures should be taken to induce the Flemings to grow beet, for sugar-making. The prefect of the department of Jemappes, accordingly, invited all the farmers of his district to set about the cultivation of the root, and distributed seed among them. The Flemish farmers hit upon its management immediately, and the first season gave them a large crop. But when the roots were ready, nobody knew what to do with them; so the farmers resolved to cart them to the prefecture. And accordingly, one fine morning, the prefect was surprised by the arrival of heavy carts, bringing him some hundred thousand kilogrammes of beet. Having no means of taking it in—for the buildings in which it was to be manufactured had not been thought of—he had no resource but to pay for the crop, and get the country people to cart it away again. This led them to consider whether cattle could not be fed upon it; and the result we all know.

#### CHRISTMAS-EVE SONG OF LAZARUS.

Close up every cranny, mother;  
Huddle closer to me, brother:  
Listen how the wind is sighing,  
Like the moan of some one dying.  
Christmas cold is at the door—  
Christmas should pass by the poor.

Christmas time 's called merry, mother—  
Why! 't is colder than all other.  
Good men bid us bless this season;  
Would that they would give us reason!  
Christmas cold is at the door—  
Should the rich forget the poor!

Stony frost is round us, mother,  
Shrouds of snow the earth do smother,  
Spade and plough are idly lying,  
Birds upon the boughs are dying.  
Christmas cold is at the door—  
Should the rich not feed the poor!

There was ONE, the GREATEST, mother,  
Deigned to call the poor man brother:  
He hath bade the rich protect us;  
Wherefore, then, DARE MAN NEGLECT US?  
Christmas cold is at the door—  
Christmas should make glad the poor.

*Snapdragons.*

From the Edinburgh Tales.

## MARY ANNE'S HAIR.—A LONDON LOVE TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

"THERE was not," I have said, "when I first knew it, a more comfortable household than that of David Moir, among the two hundred and fifty thousand families, which then formed the mighty aggregate of the population of London."

My original acquaintance with my opposite neighbor, old Moir, was as a draught-player. He was a first-rate hand, and some of his countrymen, in his name—for David had no idiotic ambition—challenged London. A refugee French Priest was, about the same time, my opponent in chess. I learnt to beat my master, the Abbé; but old Cairnboque, as David was called by his countrymen, retained undisputed ascendancy. The cool, dry, easy, unconscious manner in which he beat me was infinitely provoking. I gave up the contest for victory; and our friendship was prosecuted upon a new principle. I cannot tell what David liked me for, or if he cared, at this time, much about me at all; but he attracted me. He was the first Scotsman of the old school that I had ever known intimately. His phlegm; his dry humor; his accent, broad, and yet sharp; his odd turns of phrase, indicating a manner of thought quite new to me; and a certain vein of what I called antiquarianism, which ran through his discourse, combined to give him interest. He was no book-man, though he had received the common good education of his country; but he came from a part of the island where manners, habits, and modes of thinking, were some centuries older than those with which I was familiar. David was a *Jacobite* in politics, and, more wonderful! a *Whig* in religion; but more a feudalist than either the one or the other. His greatest man on earth, next to the Pretender, but in many points before him, was the Laird o' Brodie. The Laird, as David emphatically called him when our acquaintance ripened to intimacy—not Laird John, or James, or Robert, but The Brodie—the reigning potentate.

Though David's trade, for thirty years, had been to escort bullion wagons from wharfs to banks, and carry about bills of exchange, and all manner of papers significant of scrip, omnium, &c. &c., London and the *prestige* of riches had scarcely lessened his hereditary impressions of feudal rank. The celebrated speech of the clanswoman to her husband in the cave—"Come out, Donald, and be hang'd, and no anger the laird!" might to David have sounded sublime and pathetic.

David's insensibility to wealth may in part be accounted for by his very moderate participation in the profits of the bank. It is certain that his fortunate *millionaire* countryman and employer only appeared in David's eyes, like a richer sort of Bailie of Banff or Forres, and the *Establishment* only a larger kind of shop dealing in money. During the mornings, David spoke of his employer as "the Master; but in his hours of relaxation, his father's or uncle's old school-fellow uniformly diminished into the familiar *Tam*, his abbreviation of Thomas.

A certain portion of respect, regard, and Scottish affection established, David's anecdotes, strictures, and censures on his shrewd, vain, ostentatious, and lucky countryman, were free enough. He could partly understand, but never forgive, the court and aristocracy of London for visiting *Tam*, and partaking of his splendid shows, while David

was morally certain, never one of them had yet paid their respects to our neighbor, Mrs. Gordon, the lame lieutenant's widow, and "a far-away cousin of The Brodie."

Mr. Moir's original lodging in London, while hanging on looking out for employment, was a small back attic in the house of which he afterwards became the proprietor, and which he has lately built anew from the foundation, with a handsome front, and three sashes a row, the architectural glory of our lane. Among his many early difficulties and distresses, his original stock of £12 diminishing every day in spite of him, and no prospect of employment opening, David has often told me none ever pressed so hard as his old landlady—the aunt of his future wife—giving warning, not to himself, but to a cracked flute, on which, after reading (seated on his *kist*) a chapter in his Bible, he went to bray away the dinnerless dinner hour, with "O'er Bogie," or "The Birks of Endermay," as the Pensive or the Comic Muse chanced to preside over the hollow and hungry hour.

Poor David, whose twin-born horrors, arising from London lodgings, were plunder and pollution, would have submitted to anything rather than leave this attic sanctuary of his purity, and of his good stock of wire-knit hose and coarse linen. To this cross landlady's he had been recommended by a Scots coachman of *Tam's* as an honest house.

"With my heart in my mouth," said David—and his mouth would have held one even fully as large as was his honest circulatory organ—"Wi' my heart in my mouth, I locked the bit whistle in the kist, though it was all my comforter. I had another in this wilderness of brick and plaster. I could, by standing on the top o' the kist, have a keek from my four-paned skylight of a green spot out-over the timber-yard, there, behind us, with all its deals, logs, casks, and tar-barrels; and that ye'll allow *was* refreshing. How I leuch when Mrs. Nott called these bits o' green knoblocks, the Surrey hills. 'Hills,' quoth she!—they were liker moudiewarp hillocks;—but they were aye something in a strange land."

It was plain to me that the magnitude and dignity of his native mountains was felt by David as ample compensation for the poverty of his country, and as fairly turning the scale in his favor against England and Mrs. Nott.

"Ye'll never have seen anything like a real hill, I reckon, Mr. Richard, save may be in the playhouse!" said David to me one evening after we had long been intimate.

"Only the Alps and Apennines, with a *keek*, as you term it, of the mountains of Norway." Here I had my Scot on the hip; but he did not yield.

"That's true—I forgot that; but ye were not like born among them—to them."

This was the sort of maundering which formed interludes to those games which David carried off from me with such easy superiority, and which first drew my liking to him, while he "loved me that I did listen to him."

"O man!" would he cry, warming up to cordial familiarity, "but a real hill does fill a body's heart. Could ye but see the Linns o'-Dee, and there-away, where I once carried The Brodie's gun when a younker; or even our ain Forres Moss, where Macbeth met the witches, ye ken. It's nothing in the playhouse. I once threw three white shillings to the cocks for that nonsense. But if it were a blae misty day, the *rack* hanging low on the moor, and the whaups whist-

ling, ye canna tell where, and the crack o' the laird's gun, bursting out of the cluds as it were. Oh man!—" David, like orators and poets, left the rest to imagination.

Mr. David Moir had obtained a respectable footing with lane, landlady, and Banking-house, by the fifth year of his sojourn in London. Mrs. Nott's original contempt of his country was giving way in favor of the sober, steady, punctually-paying individual, though she still thought it concerned her dignity to resent every attempt that her lodger made to introduce Scottish habits and Scottish cookery into her back attic—and, though a rigid economist herself, to show a proper degree of contempt for his national *stinginess*.

The *smell* of certain dried little fishes—since highly prized in London as *Pinnan Haddocks*—of which David received an annual supply, was as offensive to her *nose* in his attic, as his flute had been to the *ears* of the whole neighborhood; but chance averted a rupture. Lodging-house keeping—though David did estimate highly the profits of Mrs. Nott, to which he contributed 3s. 9d. weekly—cannot, after all, be so lucrative a calling as lodgers generally imagine. They probably calculate as authors do with publishers, clients with agents, or day-boarders with those who feed them. That is to say, as everybody in this world is too apt to do, they grossly over-rate the advantages others derive from them, and under-rate what they receive in return. David was utterly astonished when he heard of an *execution* in Mrs. Nott's house. There was his own liberal pay—the old player gentle-woman's in the back chamber on the second floor, 15d. a-week better, and my friend Harvey's 15s. a-week, for what the landlady was pleased to call the drawing-room-floor: "And to see her sauciness!" continued David. This I suppose was a Scottish trait. "Sauciness" could not, in David's mind, be the quality of a landlady going back in the world.

David looked strictly into the affair. A heavy debt had been hanging over the poor woman's head from the death of her husband. On tolerably satisfactory security being given, David relaxed his gluey purse-strings: and as he rather, in business, approved an honest but moderate equivalent, next Sunday at noon saw him rejoicing over platter after platter of sheep's head broth. "Not," as he remarked, "as such a daintith and *delicate* might have been *readied* in The Brodie's kitchen, or even in a farm ha'-house in a landward parish at hame, but wonderful for a first attempt in this court." This was an affair which interested all the gossips of our lane; and from this era of free trade between the nations, and the recognition of a system of fair equivalents, Mr. Moir and Mrs. Nott lived on a much better understanding. Death removed the old player gentlewoman; and David, in a very cold winter, descended to her quarters, and with the aid of "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," rose to the brevet rank of a parlor lodger.

This room, in which our first games were performed, became the *beau-ideal* of a thrifty Scots bachelor's London crib. Here stood David's Sunday hat-box of mahogany, and his draught-board; and lo! an auctioned desk, with a new bookcase over it, containing Ossian, (Burns was not yet familiar,) Allan Ramsay, Ferguson's Poems, the Life of Wallace, the Scots Worthies, Blair's Sermons, and Ross' Shepherdess, (if I don't mistake the name,) all bought cheap, and each afterwards encased in substantial calf-boards. David was not

one of your modern literary Scots, who have read everything and know everything. A hair-cloth easy chair, presented to David during a fit of rheumatism by an old and favorite female friend, closely connected with the C— establishment, whom he still familiarly called *Cookie*, from her original vocation, and with whose eventful history he made me perfectly familiar, completed his catalogue of chamber-gear, independently of the garniture pertaining to Mrs. Nott; and, taken together, it showed so inveterate a purpose of bachelorism, that, though beyond the age of being surprised at the strangeness of marriages, I was rather astounded when I received David's invitation to do him the honor to attend him to church.

The case was this. In spite of David's ministrations of Scotch groat-gruel and Glenlivet toddy, poor old Mrs. Nott died one winter, of that cough which had indeed attacked and clung to her for the twenty preceding seasons; and David, her executor, was obliged to look about him. Quitting his grandfather's moorland farm could not have been more distressing to the lad than it was to the elderly thriving man to leave this lane, now endeared by its "old, familiar faces," and his snug parlor-chamber. He could imagine no second-floor back-apartment in London, where his broken flute, and his draught-board, and his bookcase, could be placed in such security, and appear to such advantage; and thus he was secretly charmed to hear a lady of a certain age, Mrs. Nott's sole heiress, who arrived in due time, *per* the Chelmsford wagon, declare, that as they were a large family at home, she was advised to try to carry on the house, (the lodging-house to-wit,) the furniture being hers, though it might be a rash thing in her, a *young* and unprotected woman, to make such a venture. I can imagine how David replied; and how self-seeking and disinterested kindness for the legatee contended in his honest heart, as he gravely—when urged as the person on whose judgment her "dear deceased aunt had such reliance," counselled Miss Penny (Penelope) Nott, in this crisis of her fate, to carry on the house, allowing his own claim over the furniture to run on at ordinary interest.

Ladies have gained husbands in an incredible number of ways, if we may believe rumor. Mrs. Moir is alleged to have gained her *gudeman* in a manner which, to me at least, in all my experiences, is perfectly original. I have heard of women billiarding, duetting, waltzing, hunting, boating, racing, gaming, versifying, mimicking, psalm-singing, sketching, nay, drinking themselves into *good matches*; but none who, like Miss Penny Nott, gained a husband by being taught by him to knit ribbed worsted hose. This accomplishment, which David had acquired while a herd in the heights of Morayshire, and which he still affectionately remembered in all its details, of the loop and the back-seam, and the rig-and-fur, though it had been nearly forty years in abeyance, he revived upon the reiterated instances of his maiden landlady, with whom he took tea as seldom as he civilly could avoid giving her inexperienced youth the solicited aid of his guiding counsel. There were many little hinges on which the affair finally turned, before David made up his mind to indict me to serve as his bridesman.

*Imprimis*, There was the bond over the furniture, which there was no prospect of ever being cancelled, save by such harsh measures as the gallant Scot never could have used to a woman. *Secondly*,



The lease of the house was for sale, and a bargain. *Thirdly*, Miss Nott was really much more civil than her aunt, though David was not yet nearly so much at his ease with her as if her years had been threescore instead of two twenties. *Fourthly*, But this was scarce a motive, for David, never thinking evil of any one, was no close or keen observer of female manners:—*Fourthly*, however, In twenty years he had regularly noted the maiden's annual visits to her deceased aunt, and she had always seemed a steady, solid, industrious, well-behaved young woman, "or elderly lass," with a taste for knitting worsted hose: and, *Finally*, and to crown all, and forever determine David, When a *sugh* of scandal went abroad in our lane, and when Mrs. Baker tittered to Mrs. Chandler, and Irish Peg, the orange-woman, sniggered to Bob, the pot-boy, who carried in David's diurnal half-pint, he arose before me, in his mighty Norland wrath, and, slapping his thigh, gallantly swore that "Nae virtuous maiden had e'er owed the scathe o' her good name to a man o' the House o' Cairnbogue, and he should not be the first."

Bravo, man of the mountains!

Hail, Usages of ancient mould,  
And Ye that guard them, Mountains old.

Cairnbogue, my readers are to know, was the many hundred acres of stone and heather which my friend's ancestors had rented from The Brodie, or some other northern Thane, for above three centuries. The House, of which he was the London representative, must have meant, if meaning it had, the chain of black, straggling huts, comprehending dwelling, barn, stable, and long cow byre, which were pitched about the lowland outskirts of that barren holding.

"No that I cared a —, for my own part, for their clish-ma-claver," as David—who, on occasion, would crack his fingers, and swear in a moderate way—afterwards said to me, in referring to those laughing gossips; who assuredly could not have believed their own scandal, and whose roguish malice was very probably stimulated by David's profound stolidity of aspect and demeanor, and the indescribable air of prudery which, as a young lady of a certain age, acting in the matron's office of lodging-letting, distinguished my friend Miss Penny; particularly when she impressed David's sturdy arm into the rather reluctant service of escorting her to hear some favorite divine at his Presbyterian chapel.

But I am impatient to get to my god-daughter, my little Mary Anne, the "Sally of our alley," "The Venus of Trotterdown Hill," and must, therefore, make shorter work than Miss Nott might have approved, with the ceremonial of her wedding-day.

I still remember with what resentment I heard my countrywoman secretly explain, and apologize to me for marrying a Scotsman. She, Essex-born, and salt-marsh bred, to wed with a man of the heathery mountains. "It was so odd; but such things were ordained to happen, and she hoped all would turn out for the best."

It indeed turned out remarkably well. For the encouragement of all couples who begin wedded life with a very slender stock of love, passionate and undiluted, I am bound to say that I have seldom known a more comfortable union, according to the fifth degree on my scale matrimonial. I am afraid David never was a lover at all, at least of Miss Penny, much less an ardent one, though the

poor man did his very best to assume certain requisite grimaces in his bridegroom state; and sang "Tullochgorum," "The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," and many other jovial Scottish songs at the merry wedding-supper.

On the hint of Mrs. Chandler, he bought and presented to his bride a certain Paisley shawl. A Cairngorum brooch was a relative idea; not that David would have grudged to do so, but the thing never occurred to him. "He had little skill o' the women folk," he owned, and he ever remained a singularly undemonstrative husband in outward show and small attentions, though what is usually called a dutiful, if not an affectionate one.

My new friend, Mrs. Moir, bore David's "rulgarity," fully better than I at first expected. Perhaps she loved him not the less for that "quantity," which, as she informed me, she had to endure from his awkward habits. These were all placed against Scotland and his accent, which remained most undisguisedly Scottish, and provincially Moray. To counterbalance those severe domestic afflictions came the esteem in which David was held by his employers of the bank—the cancelled bond—the better income—the approbation of Messieurs Baker and Chandler, and their ladies; the witty congratulations of Irish Peg, and the grins of Pot-Bob; together with the regard of myself, the philosopher, and of Harvey, the fine gentleman of our lane. It was indeed a satisfactory union. To increase its delights, the Banking-house, on the marriage-cake being, by the address of Mrs. Moir, presented to a lady connected with the establishment, on her suggestion, its head, in a forenoon fit of good humor, raised David's salary thirty pounds. My thrifty, disinterested friend, no more thought of plotting for an increase of salary than of lavishing his superfluous cash; that is to say, all his income above one guinea a week, to which David, on his marriage, raised his expenditure—the house going on as before, under the active management of his wife.

I never had more occasion to admire David than on this advance of salary. He was told that he owed it to the lady, whose generosity, beauty, and blandishments, though all had been tried, had never yet been able to shake his fealty, or withdraw him from his original allegiance to his old friend, *Cookie*, who had now, for a long period, been the wife of his master. I can conceive the wry faces and contortions of repugnance our man of the House of Cairnbogue must have made when informed that he must go, in his bridegroom suit, to thank his patroness for his increased salary. Though he had a proper respect for £30 a year additional, or rather for twelve shillings save some fractions a week—for David rather counted by weeks than years—nothing could induce him to commit what he considered an act of treachery to his old friend, and of personal degradation to himself.

"Tam got into a tantrum," David afterwards told me, when talking of this affair. "He thinks a' the world should be as beglamed by his glory and his gold, and his idol, that playactor cuttie —, as he is himself, poor auld ne'er-do-well; and lightlie his lawful wife and her bonny bairn-time:—"

I must not go into the particulars of David's tale. The Kirk had laid on him, however it may fare with his richer expatriated countrymen,

The strong hand of her discipline.

Religion had given him strict moral principles; feudalism—yes, feudalism—clanship—in spite of my philosophy I must own it—warm and grateful social feelings; though they might not always be the most enlightened or expansive that philosophy may imagine.

"I slept little that night," continued David. "There was poor Penny, three weeks after marriage, lying snoring laighly beyont me, little dreaming what was hanging over us. If I had been a single man, I could have ta'en a knot o' ropes and gone to the wharf; and I had character enough left to get me a porter's ticket in a city and neighborhood where I have lived upwards of thirty years. But what would Penny say to that? It's an auld tale in my country-side, Mr. Richard, that a man will never thrive unless his wife let him; but I have an odd notion that it is still more difficult for him (especially if in office like me) to be an *honest* man unless the wife bauldly say *yea*. It would have gone to my heart, too, to have eaten another man's bread than Tam's. Auld sinner as he is, we had been lang acquaint. I think I drank an extra pint next night, when there was never another word from him about it; and sang 'O'er Bogie,' and ne'er let on to Penny. Wives shouldna ken a' thing, Mr. Richard. Ye'll find that out when ye come to marry."

If my readers have not now some tolerable notion of my little Mary Anne's progenitor, I am sorry for it; for I can spend no longer time on David. Never was a child more welcome or more valuable to her parents in their humble way than was my pretty god-daughter. It was Mary Anne's dawning smiles that first genially introduced David to his new fireside, and made him feel at home, after having, for eighteen months, left his old chamber above stairs, and sat opposite Miss Penny. It was the child that even taught him to conquer the habit of calling his wife by that unmatronly name. The individuality of the middle-aged, staid couple, was soon lost in that of the little stranger. Mrs. Moir now first found for her husband the satisfactory denomination, mingling respect with familiar affection, of "My Mary Anne's Papa," and David converted his blundering "Miss Penny" into "Our bit lassie's mother."

I think it went a great way to convert David from Jacobitism, which, however, had waxed dim of itself, that my goddaughter, by what both her parents and all the females of our alley thought a marvellous coincidence, was born on the birthday of the late Princess Charlotte. Mrs. Moir, in particular, could never have done admiring the good luck which predicted some extraordinary stroke of good fortune to "The Princess," which became one of my many caressing names for little Mary Anne.

David Moir was a poor, unlettered, *vulgar* Scotsman, a porter to C— & Co., the bankers. —I was a broken merchant—a chagrined, pitied, baffled, and thrown-out man of the world; an oddity, a crazy humorist, something of an early scholar, and betraying a touch of the new philosophy: yet we two spent many tolerably happy evenings together; at least when Mrs. Moir, grown more notable and active than ever, now that she "had a family to provide for," left us alone, with the draught-board, and the nursing of Mary Anne. The child, though merely a delicious, diamond—i. e. a very little—edition of my friend, and, indeed, so like him as to provoke her mother for the honor of Essex beauty, was really a very

pretty creature; or, perhaps, she was only the first child I had ever closely watched as it grew. Perhaps she was not beautiful, not even pretty, after all. It was, I acknowledge, impossible to reduce any mouth in imitation of friend David's to the size or curvature of the lips of either loves, nymphs, or graces. But his daughter had his mild and meaning Scottish eyes—not *bright* but ever ready to kindle "like fire to heather set"—a lovely, pure skin, and sweet dimples; and, to ornament her head, David's bunches of carrots, now frosted, had been refined in some alembic of the Graces, till, in her third year, they flowed in redundant Ossianic tresses of "paly gold," over her little ivory shoulders, and down to her, not yet, clipsome waist. No shears were permitted to approach those precious ringlets. Mrs. Baker, with her lace-capped little ones, might wonder, and Mrs. Chandler protest and remonstrate; David was inflexible on this one point, and Mrs. Moir was willing to be forced to honor and obey; so the ringlets hung down to the ledges of the pew on Sundays, to the admiration of the whole Caledonian congregation of London Wall; or David thought so, which was much the same thing.

From October to March, in a particular year, this little maid regularly made a third at our draught-board, seated on her father's knee; who, between crowning and capturing, would still clumsily fondle or dandle the pouting or smiling child, to the chanted romance, of "The Lord o' Gordon's Three Bonny Daughters," or the heroic strain of "The Red Harlaw,"—and sometimes in the plenitude of his admiration, and the simplicity of his heart, David would break off to ask me if she was not as bonnie as a Flander's babbie; while I, from a sound conscience, protested that she was ten times prettier than the most resplendent of the beauties specified—Dutch Dolls, to wit.

"And, O! Mr. Richard," the thoughtful father would exclaim, "what a terrible town this to bring up a lassie in!" And David would sigh, and resume his *crooning* lullaby about the indifference to rank, and the power of love over "The bonny Jeanie Gordon."

In our first approaches to anything resembling demonstrative affection, the advances were all on Mary Anne's side, of which, long afterwards, I never failed to remind her. This, as she grew up, she heard with maidenly smiles and blushes of the purest good-humor, until one unlucky day in her eighteenth year, when conscience made my railery glance sharply aside—stamping her small foot in sudden passion, while the glow of her eyes and cheeks scorched up the bursting tears of love, pride, shame, and resentment, and indignantly repelling my implied suspicion, she clasped her knit fingers across her brows, exclaiming—

"You insult and wrong me, Mr. Richard; I did THAT—but I would die!—die ten thousand times, sooner than care for any one who did not first care for me!" Poor little Mary Anne!—care was her maidenly substitute for the obnoxious word, *love*, which she would not, in her own case, have used honestly for the world. Alas! she did not feel it the less. One was her word for *man*, or rather for — but no matter—her secret was still safe with me. I could only sigh, and, with a slight variation, repeat old David's ejaculation, of fifteen years before: "Oh, what a world to bring up a lassie in!"

I must glance back on these fifteen years—be-

fore that world, with its turbulent scenes and troubled passions, came to disturb us; and when Mary Anne, unprompted, remembered me in her baby prayers, and dispensed to me the good-night kiss, which that good, industrious woman, her mother, partly grudged, as something going out of the family, and partly resented as an indecorum in Miss, as she called the child. How came I to love this little thing better than other children, and even than my own nieces, may be simply accounted for by her being so much in my way, exceedingly ingratiating, very fond of myself; and, above all, that her mother, being kept off by her continual housewifery, no one, not even a nurse-maid, interfered to check and restrain the free course and interchange of our affection, by the peremptory observance of nursery etiquette, courtesies, and pretty behavior. Nothing like free trade! There was yet another reason: I had not much, indeed I had no experience of children's characters; but, compared with the romps, missies, fine little fellows, and frugivorous, or tart-loving monsters, whom I usually encountered, my own goddaughter possessed, as I imagined, great talents, and uncommon natural sensibility: and was already, in her little mould of woman, an exquisitely feminine creature—a living thing, by which, without interfering in any way with her education, I might test the educational theories of Rousseau, which I was studying about this time.

I hope my friends will not believe that I was in the smallest degree influenced in my studies by the imperial ordinance of the dashing dame of my brother's broker, Mrs. Pantague, namely, whom my readers have already seen as a guest at young Mrs. Roberts' unlucky Christmas Dinner. This consequential lady had laid her commands upon me "to throw together my ideas on female education, as she certainly did mean, if possible, to retire to the Isle of Wight, or some quiet watering place, say Worthing—to take Miss Edgeworth with her, (books meant,) and give herself up the whole season to forming the characters of her sweet twins, Charlotte Victoria and Victoria Charlotte." I heard all with the profound bow that became one so honored.

This lady was, according to my sister Anne, one of my especial female pets. She still says this was because the lady wished to patronize me.—I deny that; but I own I did the woman, at one time, the honor of giving her a very respectable share of my dislike—while contempt was all she really merited. There was something in her hard, undaunted, unquestioning, assumption of superiority in her circle, that was infinitely irritating in some of my old moods. It was my misery, at first, not to be able to feel her insignificance—or, if I ever did, her cool, unconscious audacity again threw me out.

In our social contests, she, the fine lady of her *clique*, had the advantage of being cased in the hide of a buffalo; while my thin cuticle might be likened to gold-beater's leaf, barely covering the raw integuments. This Mrs. Pantague, whom I allowed to be an occasional tormentor for some years, though only the daughter of a Bath hotel-keeper and the wife of a stock-broker, might have gained high fame as a duchess, had she achieved that enviable rank. Her consequence, and her *inconsequence*—(I cannot English it)—her *hauteur*, her apparently unconscious effrontery, her total disregard and contempt, or, perhaps, ignorance of the feelings of others—her love of show and expense,

and the active energy of her style of dissipation, might have adorned the highest circles. They made her the wonder of her own. The woman really had talents. She was mischievous, not insignificant. She would, in the mood, have won your pity for the severe hardships to which she, hard-working woman, was exposed in spending her husband's income; and she certainly believed herself entitled to universal sympathy and admiration, for the magnanimity and spirit with which she bore up under the continual fatigue of rounds of engagements, with the third-rate great people to whom, reversing the common rule, she made her way by audacity, afterwards holding her place by obsequiousness.

We shall meet again.—In the mean time, the porter's-load of works on education, which she unhesitatingly ordered to our lane from a fashionable bookseller's shop, was the accidental means of turning my thoughts into the channel she had indicated. My friends will not believe me so simple, nor yet so very humble, as to have exposed in her drawing-room the recondite ideas on female education of "that clever odd creature, Richard Taylor, the particular friend of B—— and of C——." In such circles, a literary man, as they called me, like a suspicious bill, always, I have remarked, requires at least two endorsers. I could not expose my precious parcel of ideas to the ridicule of being paraded for three days among the other show-boards of Mrs. Pantague's drawing-room—to be afterwards overlaid by its rubbish and fashionable annuals, vulgar caricatures, and tawdry trinketry.

I did, however, admire the idea, not an uncommon one among ladies, of forming, or forcing, character in a season like an asparagus-bed—but that, I believe, takes several successive seasons; and having returned Mrs. Pantague's books, I got a Rousseau and Miss Edgeworth of my own; and, while Mrs. Hannah More was writing for the benefit of her princess, Mr. Richard Taylor was cogitating no less anxiously for the good of his own equally beloved one—his Mary Anne.

Chance sent my princess something better than a mitred tutor; since Mary Anne's empire was, I hoped, to be over a few devoted hearts, and many affectionate and attached ones.

I never saw, save at the interview when she was bequeathed to my friendship, the *Sœur Agathé*—the exiled nun, the sister of my old friend, the refugee *Abbé La Martine*.—Blessings on the French tongue! and on my own imperfect knowledge of it—for many a happy hour has it provided for me during my metropolitan pilgrimage!—Many years before this time an act of common civility, or of common humanity to a foreigner in distress, gained for me, owing solely to my slight knowledge of French, the friendship of the exiled *Abbé*. I had afterwards been able to procure him some teaching in the city. It was in vain that I attempted to dissuade him from joining the mad expedition to Quiberon Bay. He devoted himself to destruction with his eyes open; for *Agathé* sanctioned, blessed the enterprise.

I shall ever upbraid myself for the vulgarity of those associations which made me feel shocked when I first saw the sister of my friend. But one somehow always imagines a nun beautiful, and, at least, not very old. She was very old, very small, very pale—of a figure originally slight, and now almost etherealized, by rigorous fasts, and the rigid exercise of her rule of devotion. Republican as I am sometimes accused of being, I could



not help venerating the exalted sentiment of loyalty and piety which animated those heavenly-minded beings—Catholics, bigots, infatuated royalists as they were. Why is it that the shrines of the False Oracles so often allure the purest and most fervent worshippers?

I shall never forget the figure of the aged nun, bending to receive from the brother, who was many years younger than herself, the priestly benediction; nor the look of almost inspiration with which, without one tear, or a faltering accent, she sent him, The servant of the Cross, forth in the strength of the Cross, to battle for his Prince with the sword. I could have envied, while I pitied, her enthusiasm; and, as it was, I peevishly thought, When will the cause of MANKIND inspire women with kindred sentiments? Is hero-worship the natural destiny of man, till it degenerate into doting superstition like this, which still throws illusion around the degenerate, grovelling, and sensual race of St. Louis!

We never exactly learned how La Martine fell. He was understood to have perished in some obscure mountain skirmish in La Vendée.

Long after this event it required all my address and influence to prevail with Mrs. Moir to allow Sister Agathé the miserable shelter of one of her attics, though at a fair stipend. She, the gentlest and most benevolent of God's creatures, was disliked as a Frenchwoman—and, moreover, as an old Frenchwoman—(Mrs. Moir had never before seen an aged specimen)—as a Papist, a nun, and an "odd sort of body," who saw no one; never quitted her chamber; wore a strange coarse black garb; and gained a miserable living by weaving cushion-lace.\* That I carried the point, was not so much from being Mary Anne's godfather, and the "gentlest of David's personal friends," as that my friend Harvey was exhibiting symptoms of being more than usually sensible to the drawing-room smoking.

The curiosity of childhood, and the dawning sense of the marvellous and mysterious, soon led my goddaughter to slip up the stairs stealthily, and scratch at the yielding door of Sister Agathé's garret. The sweetly modulated voice, the winning smile, and natural courtesy of the nun, captivated the opening affections of Mary Anne, who ran to her on every opportunity, caught her language and her manner, and gradually became to her, what the solitary *religieuse* must, I fear, have felt, even sinfully dear.

Mary Anne's first trials—and I have no doubt that they were most grievous ones to a child of her sensibility—arose from the prejudices of her mother, and her rudeness to this poor nun. Mrs. Moir, though partly sensible of the advantages the little girl derived from the instructions of Sister Agathé, grudged the over-payment of the child's vehement and even passionate affection for the nun. Poor Mary Anne! It was, even thus early, her misfortune to love too rashly, and too well—and to suffer for it.

\* Irish Peg and myself afterwards became disinterested agents for the disposal of this delicate commodity among ladies, and females of inferior degree. My fair customers lay among the better orders, whose rapacity for a bargain, knowing how my wares came, often enraged and disgusted me. Peg's customers lay among small green grocers, pot-house keepers' wives, and hucksters driving a brisk trade; who, if they coveted a bit of real *Wallenches*, never grudged to pay freely and even generously for it. I must make a chapter of my lace trade. It brought me in contact with some strange female propensities.

Mrs. Moir would, as she told me, have grudged nothing in reason by the month, or quarter, or lesson, for the child's education: she could, thank God! pay in money; but no Frenchwoman should dare to steal her daughter's affections from her. Sister Agathé had often before this, secretly mingled her tears with those of her affectionate pupil; and it was long before she could summon resolution to acquaint me that her duty required that she should leave this house, again to go forth among strangers and heretics: this last she did not say. She blamed no one. It was Irish Peg's scolding accost at the head of the lane, and Mary Anne's tear-stained face, that first acquainted us with this odious domestic persecution. Peg, a generous Tipperary termagant, (or *randy*, as David called her,) and a true Catholic, was the thorough-going friend of the friendless nun; not the less, perhaps, that she cordially detested Mrs. Moir, and did not understand one word of French.

My expostulatory conversation with the worthy lady of David, showed me English prejudice, as it existed in female bosoms in the last generation, in all its narrowness and rankness. On a patient cross-examination, I found that Agathé's only faults were the black garb and close coil-veil of her order; untidiness (sometimes) implied by certain spots on her floor, which were a dreadful affliction to Mrs. Moir's fidgety neatness; and, above all, the occasional visits of Irish Peg. If the Irish woman could have ascended by wings, she might at first have been forgiven, but her steps necessarily fell on the stair's carpet; and though the poor orange-woman, in reverence of English niceness, sometimes actually stole up stairs without her shoes, and in what she called her "vamps," that was no palliation; since it was correctly imagined, that she had no good tale to rehearse at the end of her journey, though one of which, haply, the nun comprehended not a word. The humor of the landlady fell somewhat, when I calmly pointed out to her the injury she was doing her child; but it rose again when I fairly acquainted her that the aged sister of my dear friend La Martine, should remain the inmate of no house where she was not treated with every respect. This was pushing matters to an extreme on which the lady had not counted.

"Let her go," she exclaimed, with the hyena-laugh of malignant feelings—"a blest riddance. Had it not been to oblige you, sir—" But Mary Anne, a silent and most anxious listener, started from her stool, crying—

"And if Agathé go, then Mary Anne goes!" And the child burst into tears. This sally, in a creature so gentle and docile, and the still more generous feeling it expressed, provoked the mother, who violently and repeatedly struck her child before I could interfere. I could have knocked the woman down, had I not been better engaged in shielding within my arms my dear little goddaughter, whom I kissed, and pressed to my heart as if for the first time, and have loved ever since with a new love, the sudden growth of that moment; a passion which I may say rivals in tenderness, and has often exceeded in anxiety, the paternal affection of old David himself.

I was but too happy to restore the general peace on terms rather favorable, at least, for Mary Anne and her amiable *Bonne*; that is, if the other contracting party had kept faith—which she did not. It is a trait of my countrywoman, who was too English, too proud, and, according to her light, too honest to accept of gratuitous service from the despised

poor, that on this Friday, and other meagre days, she commissioned her daughter, who, at ten years old, had ten times her sense, and a thousand times her delicacy, to carry to the thin etherealized Catholic recluse a huge slice of plum-pudding! Mary Anne either swallowed as much as she could herself, or dexterously conveyed such rations to Irish Peg—too delicate to expose her mother, or, as she imagined, to affront her tutoress, whose refusal of such gifts, however polite, would have mortally offended the insular power.

I am afraid that these little concealments, though practised for the most amiable purpose, laid the foundation of future evil in the naturally ingenuous mind of my goddaughter. But before this went too far, she had lost the beloved and revered friend of her childhood.—Let me recall them on this evening of the general pacification. It forms an era in the history of our princess.

The window of my second-floor bed-chamber, and the window of sister Agathé's attic, stood at right angles; for nurse Wilks' is a stately three-storied pile. Lovers might have held intercourse, and friends with long arms might have shaken hands, across the intervening space. When I wished at any time to have a lattice conference with my princess, I had only to draw up my casement. For the first twelve years of her life, Mary Anne, if within sight or ear-shot, ever obeyed the signal. On this sunshiny evening—sunshine after storm in the heavens and in our lane—up went my casement to catch the breeze from the unseen river, and up sprang sister Agathé's. What could be prettier than the home picture it revealed! The happy little maid, now all smiles, sitting within the muslin screen and the embowering mignonette, singing, and tossing about her lace bobbins with the indescribable *petillante* air of a French girl, and anon stopping to nod or kiss her hand to "*le bon, petit Monsieur Richard*," while, retired from view, the nun kept fondly brushing out those luxuriant golden tresses, disturbed from their now usual conventual neatness of arrangement by the tempestuous day we had passed; and over her attenuated form towered the broad face and broader grins of Peg Plunkett, come openly to sing *Te Deum* for Mrs. Moir's defeat.

I could not conclude the chapter more happily than with this view of three of the leading female characters of our lane; and while the evil influences that were darkening around my goddaughter were still but faintly foreshadowed.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mary Anne was in her thirteenth year when we lost, by rapid, but gentle decay, her friend and instructress, sister Agathé. Had I never heard of the immortality of the soul of man, I would have received intimation of this great truth from the life and death of that poor nun. She could not be said to die: her soul exhaled from a frame that had already nearly thrown off every earthy and grosser particle. For the last ten days of her life, while her spirit enkindled, and burned brighter to its close, her only sustenance was a few drops of wine and water, administered by her young, weeping nurse. The devotees who crowded to her couch in the last days of her life, would fain have cried, "A miracle!" but the time was not propitious.

It was painful to me to lay the attenuated, the almost etherealized body, among the huddled fes-

tering heaps of a common London grave-yard, swelling with the mounds of past generations; but there were pious rites, decent regrets, solemn ceremonial, and, what is of far more price, tears which purified the living, while they fell in oblation to the dead. My friend, Mrs. Plunkett, the orange-woman, had it of kind and country to get up a few reverential tears in honor of the dead, even when the claim was merely one of neighborhood or slight acquaintance; and she sincerely "wept the blessed saint," though the next hour saw her, necessarily perhaps, wrangling with her customers, or calling her wares. The grief of my goddaughter was a more profound feeling. To a creature of her age, when gifted with her depth of heart, the death-bed of one beloved is a powerful preacher. Among the first intelligible sentences that she spoke to me was, "Oh! how could I so weep for my mother's chidings, and my own little crosses, when for *her* I can now do no more than weep!"

As Agathé's executor, I thought it proper to put aside, for a time, those books of Madame Guyon and other enthusiasts and mystics which she had daily perused with so much unction, and bequeathed to Mary Anne, as the most precious legacy. Property she had none. Her burial charges were bestowed by Christian charity, in which it is but justice to Mrs. Moir to say, that, with all her perverseness, she was not at this time backward; and yet, strange woman! she had grudged her daughter's love to the living nun, as she now did her tears to the departed angel.

After the death of Agathé, her pupil became for a season morbidly fond of solitude. The bustle of the family below stairs, the sharp tones of their voices, the creaking of doors and shoes, were painful and irritating to her nerves; and her only happiness was to spend whole days, shut up in the little apartment, where she found so much food for memory, and leisure for musing, and where alone she said she was happy.

I quite agreed with Mrs. Moir, that too much of this "moping" would never do. I took Agathé's place as instructor—that is to say, for fifteen minutes a-day or so, we studied geography together, read a little Italian, in which I was able to be her schoolmaster, and kept alive our French, in which Mary Anne far excelled me. I also supplied her with a few suitable books; but I soon discovered, with some alarm, and also I fear amusement, that by the good offices of Mrs. Plunkett and her children, Mary Anne contrived, through aid of her father's secret half-crowns, to supply herself clandestinely with a great many; and was, at the age of fifteen, far deeper in the Mysteries of Udolpho, and the Romance of the Black Forest, than myself. There had been detections, storms, threatenings, and tears in abundance. Coming generations owe to Sir Walter Scott and some of the late novelists, the open sanction of indulgence in the contraband reading which, being made criminal in their grandmothers, was attended by some of the consequences of crime. The *industrious* habits of Mrs. Moir were opposed to all reading; her ignorance or moral prejudices, to all novel-reading, without any exception—save for an abridged Pamela. I knew not rightly how to decide between mother and daughter; and as free trade was prohibited, I went on winking hard at the smuggling system.

The manœuvres of the girl to conceal the furtive volume were to me wickedly amusing. She sat

in a window-seat, *à la Turque*, her work in her lap, the subject of study conveniently placed under her legs, ready to be perused, but on the instant concealed if the mother's step was heard approaching from the kitchen. As she was a very nimble sempstress, the small quantity of work done did not lead to detection. This, with mornings, bits of the night, when a supply of candles could be got, and hours when mamma was at market, supplied a good deal of leisure to a girl devouring tales of sentiment and wonder with the green appetite of fifteen.

I repeatedly endeavored, as a measure of safety, to obtain a relaxation of the maternal rule on this point; but Mrs. Moir appeared to become more obstinate from opposition. Wherever she had obtained her principles of criticism, to me they appeared singular enough. One day I saw poor Mary Anne detected in the very act of stealthily reading Werter, the fascinations of which had thrown her off her guard. The dangerous volume was taken from her with very unnecessary violence, as she had never dreamed of opposition, or of fighting to retain the harbinger of Goethe's genius; and I found that Mrs. Moir's fears were not of love but suicide.

"A disobedient little minx, idling her precious time with a book that teaches people to kill themselves!" Save for my god-daughter's tears, I should certainly have laughed. The farther history of the denounced volume had a very different effect on me from that which it produced on the mother. Mary Anne denied that the book had been procured, in the usual way, by the Irishwoman, in a manner that convinced me of her truth. Her mother insulted her by broad and rude disbelief of her statement, and my god-daughter became indignant and sullen. But violent threats against her Irish agent—nothing less, indeed, than utter ruin in soul, body and estate—would have drawn the whole truth from the weeping girl, when another actor came on the scene. This was a lodger Mrs. Moir had obtained some months before, who, passing the open parlor door, and hearing the dispute, stepped in.

"If there be harm done, I am the guilty person, madam. It was I that lent Miss Mary Anne this book, not my poor countrywoman at the head of the lane." Mary Anne, covered with blushes, drowned in tears, and in an agony of youthful shame, hid her face with her hands.

"Certainly, Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, that makes a great difference. My girl getting a book in loan from a gentleman in our own family, and throwing away her pocket-money, wasting her time, and conniving with a low Irishwoman—I beg pardon, sir—improper to smuggle books into my house, at any rate—makes all the odds in the world."

"Certainly, madam," said the young fellow, with a look even more sarcastic than his disdainful tone. "May I then be permitted to offer to Miss Mary Anne such volumes as my scanty collection affords that can give her any pleasure?"

"She will be greatly obliged," replied the sensible mother.

"Indeed, I don't want—I won't have any more," cried the girl, stealing a hasty look at myself, which procured me the honor of a more searching than ceremonious scrutiny from her new friend.

With an attempt at complacency, he said, "I am glad to understand that you, sir, have more liberal ideas of books."

"This is more a question of the propriety of certain loans than of studies," was my somewhat pragmatical reply; for I was, indeed, uneasy, and even alarmed, I knew not very well for what, and pleased, when the gentleman, bowing very slightly, walked off. I was, however, by no means satisfied with the hasty, timid glance Mary Anne, now first daring to look up, sent after him and her mother, who followed him out.

"Tell me all about this, my dear Mary Anne!" I sat down with her on her window-seat. I took her hand. I allowed her in silence to weep on.

"Mr. Lyndsay Boyle heard mamma scolding me one day—and perhaps I deserve to be scolded—and scolding poor Mrs. Plunkett; and he asked Betty about it, and sent me books by her several times, which I have liked to read, and I did not like to be so rude as refuse to take them; and, indeed, that is all!"

"Positively all?"

"Almost all. Once Mr. Lyndsay Boyle asked my father to take him to chapel with us—he is from the north of Ireland, and his mother is a Presbyterian;—once he met me in the rain, and turned and brought me to the head of the lane under his umbrella; and once he bowed to mamma and myself as we were returning from church, and he passing in a little open carriage with another gentleman."

What an accurate memory for items! I liked it not; though I was charmed with the candor, and even the minuteness of the avowal; and the delicacy—for I am afraid it was rather intuitive delicacy than deliberative wisdom—which led my goddaughter to declare, that "she would take no more books from Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, because it made her feel strange."

That very evening, I beset my sister Anne afresh with an old scheme of having Mary Anne taken as a half-boarder in the excellent school at Bognor, at which my nieces and several of their juvenile friends had been educated. I had seen something of the ladies by whom the seminary was conducted. I liked their letters, for they were not very clever, nor well-written; and they said nothing at all to the mothers about their "talented pupils," or "the remarkable genius of the very interesting charge committed to them,"—a customary phraseology of some boarding-school letters, which I plead guilty to hating.

In the mean time, I undertook to supply my goddaughter with healthful books. I had all along done so to some extent; but had never properly calculated on the inordinate diseased appetite, be it for chalk or romances, which may consume an ill-managed girl of fifteen.

While the Bognor negotiation was pending, came the period when I earned from Mary Anne the name of THE GOOD GENIUS; and she has since told me, that my sudden appearances, and crossings of her secret paths, at this time, in places the most unexpected, seemed to her absolutely supernatural. Conscience is the mother of superstition.

Levity, fickleness, affectation, the love of dress and amusements, were none of my fears for Mary Anne. Her nature—Heaven knows whence she derived it!—was too deep and passionate to make the common errors of girlhood very dangerous to her. I would rather have seen her curling her hair, and making up dresses all day long—or at twenty balls, caparisoned in gauze and flowers, and perspiring in the gallopade, than, as I once surprised her, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," leaning



—frightened at herself and at everything around her—on the arm of that confounded young Irishman, listening to music, which a set of young men had, that summer, got up for the delectation of their fair neighbors, about the Temple Gardens. Her blushes, her trembling, her apparently agonizing consciousness of shame and wrong, where another girl would have felt lightly enough, made the matter worse. She drew away her arm pettishly and petulantly, then looked with anxious deprecation on her offended companion; and though she voluntarily took my arm, and begged to go home with me, I believe she struggled with her tears the whole way. Yet to go home was her own earnest proposal.

The deuce was in the girl; she was verily bewitched.

Upon another occasion, a few weeks afterwards, I, certainly by perfect accident, came suddenly upon my goddaughter, with one or two young companions, this same young Irishman, and another lad, stepping into a boat for a pleasure sail, in apparently high but fluttered spirits. Female conscience was not slumbering, though Mary Anne had bid it go to sleep. She started—almost screamed; and obeying my eye, like a fascinated bird, slowly advanced to me.

"Mary Anne, will you leave us?" cried the girls. "Mr. Lyndsay Boyle is to show us a beautiful new steamer at Blackwall, Mr. Richard," cried one. I did not interfere.

"Indeed, indeed, I cannot go—I must not go. Do not fancy me very capricious." I would rather she had gone ten times, than seen that alarmed, deprecating look.

The youth, the projector of the party, glowed with resentment, divided between my goddaughter and myself. Her tears partly disarmed him; but still, haughtily enough, he said, "Miss Mary Anne must act as she thinks best," and he pushed off the little barque, leaving the damsel to a day of sadness, embittered by reflection on her folly, her caprice, but above all, I fear, by the dread of her new admirer's displeasure.

I was not sorry to find that he soon met flirting society, where he was not distracted by girls having qualms of conscience, scruples of delicacy, tears, caprices, unequivocal marks of tenderness alternating with fits of pettishness, pride, and pouting disdain of attentions more lively than profound. In flirtations with the Miss Bakers, the Miss Chandlers, and others of our neighbors, the young Irishman forgot, or seemed to forget, the little spoiled whimsical girl for whom his good-nature and gallantry had been piqued, when he saw her persecuted by her vulgar mother for the congenial sin of reading romances. The mother was the cause of a final estrangement, at which I rejoiced; for, so far I fear as Mary Anne was personally concerned, every fresh love-quarrel and pouting-fit only deepened those feelings that were hourly gaining alarming power over her. It was not till long afterwards that I was made acquainted with the circumstances of the final quarrel.

"How I long to be at Bognor, and far away from this," said my goddaughter to me one evening—and this was often repeated: but when the journey was finally arranged, in a few weeks afterwards, she wept in secret incessantly; and honest David would have altered the whole arrangement, save for her own good sense and my firmness. A party of her young friends spent the evening previous to her departure with her.

Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, on the mother's invitation, made one; and the old lady treated us with a little supper. The Irishman was a handsome, lively young fellow; with the frank, ingratiating manners of his country—eloquent, full of frolic, and with just that slight touch of *swagger* which sits so gracefully upon the sons of the Sister Isle, and on them alone. He fairly eclipsed all the *John-Bull beaux* of Mrs. Moir's circle; and one might have sworn that he had turned the heads of all the five girls present, save one. Even I might have been deceived, but for the slight tremor of voice with which Mary Anne tried, and failed, to return the "*Farewell*" cordially, but somewhat carelessly addressed to her by the gentleman, in anticipation of her early journey in the morning.

For the next twelve months, my goddaughter lived, and, I believe, prospered at Bognor. At the second holidays, she would still have declined to come home, so anxiously occupied was she, as she stated, with her duties and her studies; and so desirous had she become of profiting by this period of leisure. But mother, and David, and godfather, and all, longed to see Mary Anne; and at the close of the next term, she came back to us for good; and, what all the women called, "vastly improved." Really, she was a very charming young creature. Nothing, at least, could be prettier than her little hands, her pretty feet, her delicate shape, her clear and varying complexion, the ivory ears displayed by the womanly style in which she now arranged the splendid hair that formerly wont to hang curling on her neck. She had read little in this year, and yet had *improved herself*. She had worked caps and lappets for her mother, and a green purse for myself; and the letters addressed to "Dear Papa," especially such as contained a request for anything, were now penned with studied neatness.

I was apprehensive that she might feel disgusted, and become discontented or peevish in her old quarters, after enjoying the air, the comparative elegance, and the refinements of her school. My alarm was vain. Sweet flexibility of woman's nature! Mary Anne, without effort, accommodated herself to her old way of life. Her quiet and gentle demeanor even imposed restraint on her mother's violence; she was allowed to regulate her own hours and occupations, and acknowledged to be *industrious*, though still chargeable with the old fault of "moping."

I knew not whether to regret or rejoice at the total silence she maintained on the subject of Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, who had left the house a very few weeks after herself, and had, as I understood, been going to the devil in very good style ever since.

This young man had received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and his friends had intended him for the bar; but the family finances failing, he had entered the employment of one of the many flash wine and spirit companies, which in London spring up like mushrooms; and had become the confidential clerk. In this capacity, Mr. L. Boyle was probably about as foolish and extravagant as are nine tenths of his contemporaries. His salary was large, with some per centage on the sales of the house, on which last he calculated like an Irishman of twenty-three. Among his first follies, was leaving Mrs. Moir's frugal and respectable lodgings in our lane, though for this he pleaded hatred of his landlady. There must have been some natural antipathy between

Mrs. Moir and Hibernians, as I never knew one of the nation who could endure her.

But if all were silent, some of us had not forgotten Mr. Lyndsay Boyle. There are few persons in London who can altogether escape being hooked into the purchase of benefit tickets. My brother James was one of those good-natured souls, who once or twice a-year had a quantity of these commodities thrust upon him by the satellites of the great stars. Had they been taken from players really needing this sort of largesse, one would less have minded; but, as it was, I occasionally accepted of one or two from him, and at this time did so, for the sake of my goddaughter, who, though bred in the heart of London, had not been three times in her life in any theatre. This, I have reason to believe, is the case with the daughters of many of the respectable small tradesmen and shopkeepers, especially among the numerous dissenters; and though the theatre is a school of *morals* and *manners*, I see little to regret in well-brought up young women missing many of its sights, and some of its lessons.

But we were this night Covent-Garden bound; and in good spirits we glanced over the English ballad opera that was to furnish our night's entertainment; and both to keep our custom for our friends at home, a fundamental principle of British commerce, and to purchase reasonably, David came out and brought us oranges from Mrs. Plunkett; who blessed us both, and swore she had never seen us look rosier or *purtier* than that same night; and wished to the blessed saints that Mr. Lyndsay Boyle could only see us.

We went on—one of us laughing, neither of us the merrier.

"And by the way, Mary Anne, I saw that same

Old true love of thine,

in the Park this same day, gallantly mounted, but a whole league too far off from Blackwall, or wherever he ought to be."

There was no reply: a little shiver followed—but this was rather a cold night.

It was a well-filled, not a crowded house that we entered. We got good places, however; and amused ourselves by examining the company. There is, I confess, some perverseness in human nature which does occasionally make one feel more cheerful, social, and kindly in a playhouse than in a church. Mary Anne now prattled even gaily, certainly freely and carelessly; but this was not long. If he did not see *her*, she saw *him*. It was one of those exhibitions which, even to indifferent parties, do not recommend the arrangements of English theatres. The cause of the involuntary clutch made by my companion at my arm, while she pressed herself against my side, as if she would have grown to me for protection from blasting images of horror and impurity, my own eyes following her glance, soon detected. Yet there was almost nothing the indifferent would have remarked as extraordinary; for what more common than groups of gay young men talking with *gay* women in a theatre?

I was in pain for Mary Anne, though not particularly sorry that her own eyes had been her monitors; for how deep-seated, how powerful, must have been those feelings that, after a lapse of nearly two years, produced this terrible revulsion, this marble hue and universal shuddering—and time it was they were extirpated. I do not suppose that Mary Anne, spell-bound, trusted her-

self with another look in the direction that had tortured her. When I looked again, after the space of a few minutes, Mr. Lyndsay Boyle had left his fair friends, certainly without having recognized his old acquaintances.

Once or twice I offered to take her home. "No, no—mamma would wonder." But we ultimately came away before the afterpiece, both of us, I believe, tired and sick of the theatre. Several times, on her homeward walk, Mary Anne tried to speak, and failed. We were almost under the lamp at the head of our lane, when she whispered tremulously—

"My godfather, I wish to tell you something,"—it was the very endearing, simple phrase of her childish days of unlimited confidence—"something it would do me good to tell you, and then I should be well again." She was now dreadfully agitated.

"My love, Mary Anne, you shall tell me what you please.—Shall I take you home, or to Nurse Wilks' first?—to my own apartments?"

"Oh, no, no—I cannot to-night bear lights and houses.—The dark—the stars—this cold free air, which keeps me from choking—"

I permitted her to lead me on; and, by choice, or more likely accident, Blackfriars Bridge, at this hour solitary enough, became our confessional. Her head leaning on my shoulder, her lips close to my ear, she several times, as we stood, repeated, as if trying to commence her broken story, the words—"Once—I once imagined—I was a very young—a very foolish girl—almost a child, you remember—who could fancy children having such dreams!—to last so very long:—I imagined"—There was another suffocating pause—a kind of hysterical swelling in her throat—and passionately turning away, she exclaimed aloud—"O, I cannot tell it!"

So far as regarded so penetrating an old gentleman as myself, the confidence was indeed quite superfluous. But this was no jesting matter to my poor Mary Anne, nor yet to me at that moment. I allowed her to sob herself to composure; and she took up the tale aloud, which she appeared to have been pursuing in her mind, and as if I had heard the first part. "One day that I walked with *him*, thinking every moment that you would meet me, he spoke of my mother—light, scoffing, rude words. Perhaps he forgot she was my mother; but it was cruel. I felt no one could love me *right*, and speak so of my poor mother. I loved his mother:—and every soul in Ireland he ever told me of—how I loved them all! That was our last quarrel, and it is nearly two years since. But I never told him why I was offended; for if he had loved me *right*, he would have known that. I waited these two years. And to-night!—to-night!"

The low, quivering voice of anguish in which these words were thrilled, told me that whatever might be her fate otherwise, there was for Mary Anne slender chance of ever in this world being loved as she could love—of being, as she childishly phrased it, "*loved right*,"—with the purity, the pride, the tenderness, the delicacy, the annihilation of self, the boundless devotion, which made up her notion, or rather her *feeling* of the blissful condition she conceived, but could not describe.

In silence I brought her home. She ran up stairs, for a few minutes, probably to bathe her eyes, and then descended to us with that air of composure, that sweet sternness, which women borrow I know not whence.

The spring and the summer passed, and I heard no more about Lyndsay Boyle, save vague rumors of his folly and extravagance. Nor could I complain of my goddaughter. She was attentive to all her duties; helpful to her mother; cheerful and obliging with her few young companions; and, so far as I could see, contented and serene in her own mind. During this interval, she spent a good deal of her time in the family of my brother, where, twice a-week, she had an opportunity of sharing in the many lessons which my two elder nieces were receiving, with a view to her becoming, during the winter, the governess of their little sisters. Though David was rather dissatisfied, Mrs. Moir, Mary Anne, and myself, highly approved this arrangement. Still, my good friend, Mrs. Moir, would occasionally complain of her daughter "moping" and "drooping." She had no young confidantes; no constant correspondent; and a disinclination to spend money on herself, or, in her mother's phrase, "to make herself smart," which, in a girl of eighteen, was, at least, very uncommon. Once, and but once, I ventured afar off to sound the state of her feelings. It was in the month of September of the same year in which we had been at Covent Garden. Instead of eluding, she invited the subject; but not its protracted discussion. I was even surprised by the firmness and air of serenity—the farthest in the world, however, from indifference—with which she said, "If he is happy, I am content."

"With no desire that he should return to his allegiance?"

"None whatever. *Peace*, I have learned, is too dear a good to be perilled, even for that which we call happiness."

"Then hail *la douce indifference*!" was my light response.

Mary Anne sighed, faintly smiled, and resumed her work. She had not reached the point I desired. She could be calmly firm, proudly content, but not yet coldly or serenely indifferent.

I was about this time in the habit of reading a newspaper, and spending an idle evening hour, once or twice a-week, with an old blue-coat school-fellow, in a little shop which his wife kept for the sale of small wares and perfumery, near the corner of — street.

After waiting in vain for clerical preferment, writing for newspapers and periodicals, lecturing on chemistry, trying a boarding-school in the Isle of Man, a circulating library in Liverpool, and various other occupations, G—— had returned to London, and at last consented to let his wife do battle, single-handed, with the world, for what might maintain her philosopher, their three children and tidy Manx maid, while he seriously applied himself once more to his often-laid-aside, but never abandoned, translation of Lucretius; and in that absorbing task forgot, for the time, all his disappointments and privations. I would have rejoiced in this oblivion of worldly cares, had he not also appeared to forget his wife's "meaner toils," and to overlook the probability of the children of a very learned man growing up without any education at all, save what comes by accident and casual association.

It was by a gracious humility, that towards six o'clock in an evening, when customers began to grow slack, G——, after a long morning of study, locked up Lucretius, assumed his wife's place,

and allowed the poor woman to change, for an hour, the scene of her labors, from the back of her little counter to the centre of her young family, and to snatch her tea-dinner. On the evenings I was expected, Lucretius generally visited the crib, named the back-shop, for the benefit of my critical remarks, and the hope, nightly growing fainter, of my praise of the undertaking, which, besides bringing fame, might yet woo back fortune. At times I could have pitched the translated poet on the back of the few cinders which G——'s true-hearted, cheerful wife, swept together before going away, to make the compartment *comfortable* for her scholar, and his old friend.

Theirs had been a *love-match*, I found; though in intellectual qualities and accomplishments there could hardly be two persons born in the same country more opposite. She was a neat, compact, little person; a *first-hand*, I believe, as a milliner—all action, and with no more thought than guided her immediate finger-work; he, a man of great and various learning, a metaphysical, dreaming genius; and one of those men whom the worldly *justly* term indolent—though more ideas of a certain kind passed through his mind in an hour than would have occupied the worldling for a month—I mean in number; in quality and value no comparison could be made.

But while G——'s thoughts were "wandering through eternity," or lost in chaos and atoms, his large lumbering person was, at certain hours, to be found in the narrow region of space I have indicated. I am sure he sincerely loved his wife and their children; and, as he was a man of sound moral feeling, he as certainly regretted that chance or education had denied him the power of doing better for them, after his wife's little fortune had been thrown away on the boarding-school speculation—the original project by which prudence appeared to sanction marriage.

I could, however, never bring G—— to disparage the classics nor his education; nor yet to believe that Mrs. G—— merited better to be called a heroic mother and wife, than either Cornelia, or Agrippina the wife of Germanicus. At such times he would raise his great and rather dull eyes upon me, as if questioning my sanity or my seriousness; but when I proceeded, "The most truly heroic mother I ever had the happiness of knowing, is, after all, Peg Plunkett, the orange-woman, whose barrow stands at the head of our lane," he could no longer doubt that I was speaking in the boyish vein which had formerly led me to mystify my old school-fellows. I never was more serious in my life, however—but let that pass for the present.

Besides the pleasure I took in G——'s conversation, I felt a strong interest in the prosperity of his wife's little traffic; the more, perhaps, that my former connexions enabled me to open up a new and lucrative branch, as soon as, to speak it grandly, the general peace gave security to commercial speculations. The reputation of my sagacity in affairs, and the hazard of £20, embarked on my own responsibility, might have quickened my zeal for the disposal of her small fancy sculptures; those beautiful and delicate vases and figures in alabaster and composition, which I obtained from Florence, where they are so cheaply made and bought, and which Mrs. G——, at first, sold to very great advantage in her little shop. It was for her a prodigious stroke!—and Rothschild could not have congratulated himself more on a



successfully negotiated foreign loan, than I did on the small venture which set my friend's wife fairly afloat in her business; and even introduced her to a better, that is, to a richer description of customers, for her other nicknack wares, before the petty sculpture trade deadened. This speculation did me another service with the family—it raised G——'s opinion of my judgment and capacity for affairs; the worthy translator having sometimes taken it upon him to affect surprise, that I—who had played my cards so ill, and, with a great game before me, had so abruptly thrown all up—should assume the right to lecture him; and over Lucretius and more favored classics, provokingly quote against him the Scottish poet, Burns,—

What makes fireside a happy clime  
To bairns and wife;  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.

G—— would not allow that Burns was a poet in any sense. A more uncandid man would, in answer to me, have impeached his life; he only disparaged his verse.

"Between lights," on a misty afternoon, late in October, with slimy, slippery streets, and the choking fetid air that creeps over and shrivels one's skin, and pierces and chills one's marrow, I had made my way to—— street, and sat with my friend in the cabinet, boxed off from the shop, hearing him thunder out his last translated hundred and fifty verses, my eye prudently directed through a loop-hole in the green silk curtain which screened the four panes commanding the shut glass-door and the counter. Three times I had marked a figure glide past, and a female face momentarily gazing through the damp glass, and as quickly withdrawn. It is one of the miseries of London, —distrust of one's fellow-creatures being to me always gnawing misery—that the idea of a thief in such circumstances is never far distant. Whether the perfume of attar of roses and *eau de Cologne*, or the many surrounding *prettinesses*, elegancies, and appliances of female refinement, had inspired gentler and more gallant notions, I cannot tell; but it was not of a thief I thought at this time.

The door was gently and yet quickly opened, as if the person were in some haste or perturbation. The girl advanced, a slight youthful figure; and there was a little drumming summons sounded on the glass-case on the counter. I could see by the lamp-light the quick panting of the closely wrapped-up girl, and even hear her hurried, unequal breathings.

"Some waiting-maid for rouge or black-pins," said G——, peevishly laying down his MS. for the uncongenial office of supplying the customer. "These things, my wife tells me, are always neglected till the moment ladies are at their evening toilet." With a few more peevish expressions, by way of indemnifying his classic dignity, for the degradation of his secular office, G—— carefully shut the door upon me, to spare at least one of us the humiliation of coming in contact with black-pins, though both knew that bread was scarcely to be made by *black letter*, nor yet by the *black art* itself.

The girl supported herself leaning on the glass case, her features concealed by a faded green gauze veil, which hung lank and wet about her. Could it be?—It was Mary Anne—and why this mystery?

"Your pleasure, ma'am!" said G—— formally to his silent customer. "At this hour Mrs. G—— is generally out of the shop; and I fear you will find me but an indifferent substitute. Will you be seated, ma'am—I shall do my best."

"O quite, quite well, you will do, sir—for I hope you will buy my—*my hair*."

Low, rapid, and quivering as the voice was in which these few words were rather breathed than articulated, I could not be deceived in its tones. This was indeed Mary Anne. I apprehended in an instant something very near the truth.

Hastily pushing the shop-door close with one hand, as if seeking concealment, with the other the girl slipped off her bonnet and a close-eared cap, and tossing her head with an air customary to her, let down, as if tempting her chapman with the beauty of her fully-displayed wares, the redundant flood of her shining tresses. Then looking up in his face with an anxious imploring agony of expression, she whispered again more earnestly, "I do hope, sir, you will buy *this hair*." She passed her right arm under it, lifting it up again, as if to show all its brightness and length, but without another word.

G—— must have been struck and embarrassed by the appearance and manner of the dealer. After some little hesitation he replied, "We do, ma'am—that is, Mrs. G—— does buy hair. Yours is very beautiful, certainly: of that classic tinge, ma'am, which Tacitus—that is, I mean, of a color now very rare—the hue between golden and auburn, which the Roman beauties—ahem!"—This was probably intended for the back-shop—for Dionysius' ear. "I mean, ma'am—" But what cared I for listening to G——'s meanings?

What a contrast did those bright, sunny tresses make with the pale, passion-struck—the almost haggard countenance of the wretched girl, whose startling eyes were straining after the reply that was impending over her like a judge's sentence on a criminal. What was the real matter? What could have happened to have sent Mary Anne abroad on such a night? But the weather was nothing:—it was, why on such an errand—for what reason thus concealed—for what secret, for what *guilty* purpose could Mary Anne covet money obtained so strangely? My thoughts were in tumult and insurrection. I could only hastily resolve to watch, that I might aid or save her.

This was a purchase too important to be made by my friend without the knowledge of his wife. It was an affair of importance as a business speculation; for he knew she had an order at this time for female hair of this very peculiar color, to adorn the intriguing head of a prodigiously great lady belonging to the north of Europe. Indeed, I believe I had gossiped about this very commission in the hearing of Mary Anne.

Was it the influence of the classics, or his naturally trustful and urbane temper that made G—— think as little of thieves as myself, when, scholarly and courteously placing a chair, he begged the agitated girl to be seated, while he went round the corner to summon his wife? At this proposal she caught at once, and appeared to breathe more freely.

"Then you think it probable, sir, that she will buy?"

"I do think it *very* probable, if you can come to terms." G—— had not learned to disparage what he purchased—he was, indeed, a wretched shopkeeper.—"But you must natur-

ally expect a great deal for your beautiful hair—

"O, no, no!—not a great deal:—anything;—but I want a great deal too—a very great deal of money, this *very* hour!"

The agitation of her manner must have been remarked even by G——, though not naturally the quickest of men. For my own part, I knew not how to act. Was her mind shaken by this unknown distress? I never had more difficulty in my life than to command myself during the few minutes that G—— was absent; and when Mary Anne, left alone, abandoning herself to a burst of passion, leaned down her head on her crossed arms, while she sobbed in her agony, with those frightful choked sobs, which are to me more excruciating than the most outrageous expression of woman's grief. Amidst her sobbing a name was unconsciously breathed which gave me the clew to one, perhaps to the leading, cause of her distress, while every circumstance connected with it remained more mysterious than before.

Is it habit, or nature, or mere mobility of temperament, that gives women that remarkable power I have so often noticed, of at once suppressing every violent external symptom of the passions by which they are strongly agitated? The mere mechanical effect of G—— or his wife touching the handle of the door, acted on Mary Anne's senses, and instantly restored at least the outward semblance of composure. She did not, however, speak again; but by a little gesture signified assent to what was said, and bended her head while Mrs. G—— examined, with an approving eye, the offered merchandize.

If I have been too severe on the poets, I wish to give fair play to their influences.

"Would it not be a pity, ma'am," said the scholar. His wife shook her head in admonition. "Then, Mrs. G——, you must give the young lady a handsome price for this hair.—You have an order, you know, from——"

Mrs. G—— was really angry now. So simple a man! Was it not enough, as she afterwards told me, that he could not earn a penny himself for his family, but he must spoil her trade?

"The utmost farthing she could afford was three guineas;" and with complying gestures on the part of Mary Anne, and abundant speech from my friend's wife, the bargain was concluded; and the tradeswoman having thus secured her advantage, the woman came into play in her more natural character, which was kind and cheerful. It seemed a great relief to the poor girl that Mrs. G—— proposed doing the office of the *friseur* herself. She brought the girl within her counter, drew her little screens, and dexterously plying her scissors, to which her tongue kept a running accompaniment, added tress by tress to the golden sheaf that hung glittering over her table.

What all this while were the feelings of Mary Anne! Her back was turned to me. She sat as still, and apparently as unconscious, as a sculptured figure, till the business was nearly ended.

The cutting off the hair of the novice immediately before she takes the last solemn vows, which separate her forever from the world, is often represented as a very affecting ceremony. The resignation of the beautiful and graceful ornament of the youthful vestal, the Bride of Heaven, is imagined a great and touching sacrifice; and the hair is consecrated by the weeping friends, among

whom it is divided and treasured, as the last relic of the living-dead. There was no one to mourn over Mary Anne's severed locks—not even myself. I thought of her *heart*, not her *head*,—or at least not of its spoils; and a truss of straw, a rush-cap, would at the moment have been as important to the poor girl herself. To say she cared not for her loss was nothing. I am convinced that she never once thought of it. When the business was nearly ended, she drew from a silk bag a little seal formed of a Cairngorum pebble, on which the national thistle and a Scottish motto were cut; and a few strings of coral beads. I knew both well. One was the highly valued gift of her honest father; the other a present from my sister Anne, made long since to my goddaughter.

"Pray, ma'am, what might these be worth?" Mrs. G—— stopped her nimble scissors, and with a brief malediction on pawnbrokers, replied, "Somewhere from ten to twelve shillings, perhaps."

"But to sell them out at once?"

"Not much more, I fear;—they are horrid Jews these pawnbrokers." With a low sigh the trinkets were returned to their keeping-place.

My friend's wife though a sharp tradeswoman, had known adversity in its best uses. She began, I imagine to feel some touch of remorse, under the conviction that she was certainly making a very good bargain in her rare purchase. From what I afterwards learned, there was the more prevailing idea, with a woman of her good heart, of a poor girl parting with the natural ornament a young female is supposed to cherish so fondly, and with her little trinkets, in some severe family strait; perhaps to supply the wants of little brothers and sisters, or of a father and mother. Taxes, rates;—socks and shoes for children, now October was so far on—rent-day—that terrible day!—all these things I could learn had flashed through Mrs. G——'s mind, and many more household ideas, as her scissors cut the last locks; and kindness and prudence parleyed, and came to a compromise.

"Your hair is in such quantity that I think I must mend my offer, my dear——"

"I told you so, Mrs. G——" said G——. "This classic tinge, my love, so much prized by the Roman ladies, after the Roman arms——"

"Nonsense! Mr. G——." "—by as much as any pawnbroker would give for your little things, if you meant to part with them."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"And if you were to call in a few days, when I see how this turns out, perhaps we might afford a little more. I shall have no scruple to ask my price; but these great ladies are so capricious;—any way, you must keep your little trinkets; and at your age your beautiful hair will soon grow again, thick and long." This was cheerfully and kindly said.

"You are very good," was the whispered reply.

Of how many shades of meaning are those few, simple words susceptible when tones become more expressive than speech. Though the face was still averted, the voice told me that now

The tears had *left* their bed.

"I have left some nice pretty curls on the temples here, my dear," said Mrs. G——, as Mary Anne rose, and as Mrs. G—— kindly tied on her cap.

A faint smile gave place to the anxious, fixed

look which she had fastened on G—as she turned towards him. He was at the till, slowly counting out the money. The smile vanished far more rapidly than it gathered, as the dole, the gift, the means to some mysterious end, was eagerly grasped.

As she courtesied, her dry lips moved in a mechanical effort to return thanks. I had already taken my hat; but rapid as were my movements, and deaf as I was to the call of G—, and the exclamations of his curious wife, the fleet steps of my goddaughter had left me considerably behind. She made several windings, wanting courage, as I believed, to enter any of the pawnbrokers' shop-doors, near which she hovered. At last, as if by a desperate effort, she entered one in Fenchurch Street; and I presume there was little difficulty in honest David's national Thistle, and my sister Anne's strings of coral, finding a destination the original donors could little have anticipated for their gifts.

It was my object to trace Mary Anne to her destination, not to accompany her; and the rapidity of her movements as she skimmed on, and probably the rapt state of her mind, prevented any chance of detection. She stopt at a door in a street which I do not choose to name, but, as the wits say, not above a hundred and fifty miles from the Old Bailey. It was my purpose to arrest her at this point, but before I could advance, the hall door opened to her quick knock, and was shut again; and I read on the door-plate, the familiar name of a well-known, or more properly, a notorious sharking Old Bailey attorney. I was more than ever perplexed. What could a creature like Mary Anne want with such a character?—what communion could there be between the spirit of innocence, and the presiding *genius* of the spot! That it was here the three or four pounds she had so strangely obtained were to be left, I could not doubt; for no entrance could be gained through these doors save with a golden key; though peace, hope, happiness, character, *life*, might be bartered or forfeited to find one.

Her stay, lingering as the moments seemed to me, could not have been above five minutes. Other wretches were besieging the door; and as they passed in, Mary Anne glided out, and took the straight way homewards, at a rate of speed which put me to my best pace. At the last crossing, I accosted her, as if accidentally, crying out, "Ho, Mary Anne! whither so fast!—Take me with you, or a part of my umbrella, any way." She started like a guilty thing, mumbling, "Yes, indeed, I believe it does rain." From the arm I drew within my own, I could feel that the whole frame trembled and shook as if to dissolution.

"You shiver, Mary Anne, and your hands are scorching. Are you quite well, my poor princess! And why abroad and alone in such a night! Has mamma been scolding very bad?" I tried to laugh, as I confidentially pressed the hand, laying on my arm.

"Oh, no! Not my poor mother—'tis I am in fault—only I—if fault it be, which is deep, deadly misery. I would—I must tell you all—that I am the most wretched of all creatures this night."

She stopped: she hung her whole weight on my arm, and sobbed without restraint. I passed my arm under her cloak, and hurried her forward, to avoid the notice of the gazers in the street. Innocent, and even knightly as I was, I was too well aware of the danger of rousing the gallantry and chival-

rous feelings of John Bull towards a damsel in distress, to court unnecessary observation. I intended to take her to my own apartments before I proceeded farther in cross-examination; and we were now in the lane. Fortune was unfavorable. As we approached Mr. Moir's door, his industrious lady happened to open it. She accosted me with unwonted blandness and courtesy, thanking me for having "escorted her Mary Anne home from Brunswick Square!" More mystery!—Mary Anne pressed my arm; and though I could not exactly comprehend why I should be made a party to her concealments, neither could I betray her. So I told, or what came to the self-same thing, I by a *simper*, acquiesced in the *lie*. I give it the plain name, as I never was casuist or hair-splitter enough to perceive essential difference between the *lie* spoken and the *lie* acted.

We were now in the neat, snug parlor; and Mrs. Moir, instead of *scolding*, or what David called *yatterin*—the Scottish language is rich in descriptive epithets—was unusually attentive to the comforts of a daughter, who, in a bad evening, had returned from spending a day with Mrs. James Taylor and her *genteel* family in Brunswick Square. Her affability extended to me; and she insisted that, as tea was just ready, I should remain. Curiosity and a better feeling were stronger prompters. I did long to fathom the depths of this day's history.

The old lady bustled away for her tea equipage, and Mary Anne then first spoke.

"You think strangely, perhaps meanly, perhaps unkindly, of me," cried the agitated girl, again clasping my arm with both her clasped hands. "Once that would have killed me:—nothing hurts me now! My cold, lumpish heart feels at times as if already dead within me. My poor mother thinks I have spent a happy day with the kind friends *you* made my friends—Ah, no! no!"

"And where, then, dearest Mary Anne!—my own good girl—but I will not hurry you—I"—I never could, in emotion, speak to my goddaughter without drawing her to me; without, in short, caressing her as if she were still the little affectionate child that had grown up under my eye, and almost in my arms.

"Ha! Mr. Richard," cried the tray-bearing mamma, with half-affected glee, "still flirting with my Mary Anne! I wish you were twenty years younger for her sake: I am sure you would carry her off from all the younger *beaux*.—And, bless me, my dear, how you have *mudded* your petticoat! A dozen spots at least! Fie, Mary Anne! you who are so *tidy* a walker—sure you could not have appeared in nice, sweet Mrs. James Taylor's drawing-room this morning with them spots."

Mrs. Moir always commended good women and good puddings in precisely the same terms. They were *nice* or *sweet*; and to express the superlative both epithets were employed. This is, indeed, a female practice; nor would tracing the analogy between ladies and custards greatly puzzle a metaphysician or philologist.

I was glad of this diversion to the mud spots, for the countenance could worse have borne keen maternal scrutiny. I pleaded guilty to the splashes; but Mrs. Moir was too civil to allow so dire an imputation to rest upon me, as splashing a fair companion, though in very dirty streets. She was, in reality, more occupied with her daughter



than her guest; nor could I help regretting, that with so much genuine affection and dutifulness on both sides, there should be so entire a want of confidence and sympathy between the mother and her child.

"Go, put away your bonnet: and, bless me, what are you doing with that old green veil!—and change your shoes, my Mary Anne! Papa would say, like the Scots, 'change your feet!' Ha! ha! ha!"

The woman was crazy. I had never before seen her in this rantipole humor. "And bless me again, girl, I forgot your *boa*:—now, Mary Anne, love, where is it? Have you made a *nice* bargain? Is it *ermine* or *fitch*? You know what I recommended. But let us see."

Mary Anne looked to me with anxiety and confusion. Was another *lie* required?

"I thought—I forgot—it is not here, mamma."

"Left in Brunswick Square! Stupid monkey! Well, no matter; it would have been *prudent* had you done so of purpose in such weather with a new *boa*. And how much got you back of my three bright sovereigns? Now let us see how you can *shop* for yourself. Eighteen almost—hey, Mr. Taylor! and I trusted her this morning to buy a *boa* for herself, as I wished her to be *respectable*, going to spend a day with excellent Mrs. James, who sees so much genteel company of a morning. Now, how much change have you, my Mary Anne!—tell us all about it." The gracious matron smiled, as if generously expecting not a farthing, and as if not grudging her money for a *nice* smart *boa*, of, as the shop-bills accurately describe it, "*London made fur*."

I saw the poor girl was in torture. With more self-possession, she might have come off perfectly well, merely by using smiles and grimaces; but she faltered, as if bound to declare, "Indeed, mother, I have no money—not a farthing."

"Well, well, child, never expose your poverty; make yourself comfortable, and come back to make tea for your godfather and your papa."

My friend David came down stairs. While he shook my hand, I fancied that his eyes were fixed earnestly on his daughter. My merits as an escort were again recited, and David seemed relieved and satisfied on hearing, from his wife, whence I had brought Mary Anne, who now left us. We chatted of this and that, waiting her return for about twenty minutes, when the maid-servant, in answer to the mother's inquiry, reported that Miss Mary Anne had gone out!

"With her bonnet on!" cried the mother. "Out—the lassie!" gasped David; and involuntarily, as if by a simultaneous movement, we went to the street door, following Mrs. Moir. It was impossible for Mary Anne to deny that the female from whom she hurriedly parted, under a distant door-way, was the obnoxious and redoubtable Mrs. Peg Plunkett. Evidently in great terror, the girl hurriedly approached us, panting in haste and alarm—"I forgot some reels of cotton that I required—"

"Hold your tongue, minx!" cried the mother, pushing her daughter into the house, and slamming the door after the whole party. "You will not believe me, David Moir—do you believe your own eyes?—ocular demonstration before your own eyes, sir—of your precious daughter! *colleagu*ing with that wicked, vagabond, Irish barrow-woman, Mr. Richard!" I admired the climax. "Will I be believed now!—What want you, hussy, with

that vagabond woman? What wants she with you!—To rob your mother's house, is it!" She shook the terrified girl by the shoulder.

"Hush, hush! for my sake, my dear madam, unless you wish to raise the neighborhood," was my peace-cry. David looked from daughter to wife, and to the daughter back again, wringing his hands; and Mary Anne wept in silent anguish.

I shall not describe all the violence, in action and speech, of my good friend Mrs. Moir; who certainly might have some cause of displeasure, but nothing that could justify the preposterous lengths to which her anger went.

"But, madam, Mrs. Moir," I ventured at last to say, when the first tornado was pretty well spent, "where is the terrible harm, after all, of my goddaughter exchanging a few civil words with Mrs. Plunkett—a thing which I do once or oftener every day of my life, with great comfort and social refreshment to myself!"

"An old neighbor!" muttered David, pitching his voice to the proper tone of conjugal deprecation, and looking compassionately at the weeping girl.

"An old fiddlestick, Mr. Moir!"—How irrelevant, and even impudent, some of these married women do become!—"And as to you, Mr. Richard, who are thought a rather particular gentleman, you are no rule—gentlemen may do as they please. But that bold girl, whom I have ordered and commanded, at her peril, not to look to that woman, or speak to that woman; whom you, Mr. Moir, if worth your ears, sir, would have had removed from this neighborhood, long and long ago, as a nuisance, sir, there where she stands—to laugh at your wife and ruin your child," &c. &c.

Now my friend Peg's crime was meditating housebreaking, now ruining girls! I could make little sense of this, though I was forced to perceive my goddaughter's transgression and disobedience.

"My dear Mary Anne, it is clear you must not speak to poor Peg again. Perhaps Mrs. Moir is right in thinking her not quite the best sort of even speaking acquaintance for a young woman. And you, my good madam, must be reasonable with *our* daughter. Though she is your own property, I doubt if you know half her value." Mrs. Moir, though far enough from a reasonable mother, had about her a good deal of the she-bear's fondness for her offspring; so she also began to sob and cry in her own obstreperous fashion.

"I would have Mary Anne value herself, Mr. Richard—keep her own place, sir—and show a proper pride, Mr. Richard."

"I am afraid my friend Mrs. Plunkett fancies she shows even an improper pride, ma'am. Only last week she was hinting to me of the changed face Mary Anne shows her." This was well thrown in; but Mary Anne's quick and warm candor spoiled all.

"I have not till yesterday spoken—and scarce looked to her for six months—scarce since I returned from Bognor. If she were not a generous-hearted, a high-minded woman, she would not now have forgiven, or have spoken to me."

"Grant me patience! Do you hear her, Mr. Richard!—do you hear her, Mr. Moir!—Is the girl mad!—An Irish barrow-woman, an orange-woman *condescend* to speak to my child! Girl,

girl, what have you to say to that vagabond!—Are you mad outright?"

"Gude help us a'," ejaculated David, driven to his mother-tongue; and he fairly ran out of the room.

Mary Anne lay weeping, her head on the table:—she quickly raised herself, and in a voice whose tones I shall never forget, breathed out—"Mother, I am not mad—not yet mad. O, spare me then to-night, dear mother, if you would not see me so! Strange things are about me.—Spare me for this night!—I know how you love me:—and you will rue it all the days of your life if you are too hard with me to-night. I should like to go to bed now."

I could see that the mother was affected, and even alarmed. I promptly interposed, and approached Mary Anne. "Certainly, my dear, you shall go to bed—do to-night whatever you will: I answer for Mrs. Moir.—Indeed, I mistake if you are not far from being well to-night. I stooped over her where she sat, my back turned to the mother, who stood by irresolute. I held the poor girl's burning hands clasped within both mine. She leant down her head, and kissed my hands repeatedly, passionately breathing, "My own kind godfather—*my Good Genius!*"

The tears that fell on my hands were scalding; but the fever of the mind was, I feared, yet higher than that which raged in the blood. I would have given more than I need name to have had a few minutes of confidential communing with the distracted girl. I saw that her heart, with all its load of sorrows, was in my hands. She ventured to kiss her mother, but in silence, and then left us. The good lady followed in a very few minutes; and almost immediately returned to say, "The foolish thing was already asleep!" And no doubt Mary Anne had feigned sleep.

We now had tea; and when Mrs. Moir, carrying tea with her to Mary Anne, left us to gather intelligence for a second bulletin, David assailed me with a whispered, "I beseech ye, Mr. Richard, speak to the wife to be less severe with the bit lassie! They'll break my heart between them! She sees nae peer to Mary Anne, I ken that; and yet the *nammer* for one fault or another is never out of her mouth. Of the thousand ways the women-folks have of spoiling their dochters, Mr. Richard, the worst, to my mind, is this endless *yanmerin'*, and *yatterin'*, and *nag-nagging*, for little or nothing. And the worst of all is, these *teuch* (tough) hearted auld carlins little think how their bitter scalding words blister and crush a tender young spirit. I mind myself the bursting heart I used to have, even when *man-muckle*, when, if I had slept an hour ower lang in a morning, or let the young beasts I was herding get a rug o' the green corn, a thrawn auld sorrow o' a bachelor uncle I had would have prophesied the ill end such sinful beginnings would come to; and that less than the gallows, the end just made by one Rob Gunn, hanged at Aberdeen for horse-stealing, would not atone for backslidings like mine. These are cruel, senseless sayings, Mr. Richard! and they are worse than foolish that drive young creatures to judge ower hardly o' themselves, and lose self-respect, for mere nonsense. There was ne'er onything lost by showing kindness to a kindly nature.—I wish our minister would preach about that."

In honest David's strictures on moral discipline,

so far as I understood them, I fully concurred. Mary Anne was reported still quiet and asleep. I was, at least, aware that she wished to seem so, to avoid all conversation for this night. From my window I saw her chamber was dark by midnight; and I went to bed, ruminating on the events of the evening, and more perplexed than ever. It was idle to torment myself. I was convinced that she wished to give me her confidence, and with it, the power of aiding and counselling her; and I subdued my anxiety and curiosity, resolving to visit her chamber next morning—a liberty which I had always enjoyed, in common with her father, when she was really sick.

I was taking my morning coffee, in the straggling light of a gray, damp day-break, when Mrs. Moir's maid-servant brought the hasty tidings, that "Master had gone early to the bank, *Missis* was in *hicksterics*, and Miss Mary Anne was run away."

I lost no time in going to "Missis." The slight natural antipathy which existed between us, and all the petty tiffs and resentments of eighteen years, gave way before the extreme distress of my neighbor—violent and undignified in expression, but deep and real in suffering. She accused her husband, she upbraided myself, she railed at the Irishwoman, she execrated her own harshness, and blamed the whole world, save her "dear, beautiful child—her Mary Anne—who must, she was certain, have thrown herself over Blackfriars Bridge, for fear of being scolded for the loss of her *boa*:—there could be no doubt of it."

The only thing in which the unhappy woman showed reason, was, that I should lose no time in setting out in my search, and in being persuaded to put off her pattens, remain where she was, and keep herself and her clamorous maid within doors, leaving me, instead of the constable, to deal with Mrs. Plunkett. I left her rather more composed by my assurance that the catastrophe she dreaded was utterly impossible, and my promise of not returning without tidings of Mary Anne.

This interview occupied a very few minutes. My first hope was Mrs. Plunkett, who was already on duty at her station, talking to herself, rubbing gently, and piling her oranges and lollypops. She accosted me in her ordinary way, with the genial, heart-reaching courtesy of an Irish greeting.

"Morrow! Mr. Richard, sir,—and a raw one it is to them poor boys were hung that same. I see where you been down the lane. The mistress is among her troubles, this misty morning, it seems:—well, sorrow bit of myself heeds that same, if no harm come to the good, purty girl. Och, devil a care for the ould one, Mr. Richard, sir." She laughed good-humoredly.

Though Peg was a generous woman, her generosity was of the national complexion. It was rarely displayed in magnanimity towards an enemy, or even to a fallen foe.

"She'd be glad to have the little girl at home to-day, even to spaikie to the Irish barry-woman," added Peg.

All my address could extract little information from so stanch an ally and auxiliary as Mrs. Plunkett, who hated her insolent English neighbor with a hatred of twenty years' standing; and who, besides, reckoned herself of the daughter's *faction*, and therefore opposed to the mother. Any sacrifice would have seemed slight, compared to the dishonor of betraying Mary Anne, or to the baseness of treachery.

"I'll tell ye nothing, Mr. Richard; what should I know of the little girl?—I seen where ye come from, sir, down the lane. What should I tell ye of the poor girl?"

I could not disabuse the woman of the belief, that to tell of Mary Anne's doings to her mother was wrong and treachery. I had lost my time and my eloquence. I became angry at last, and was so far left to my own folly and ignorance, or forgetfulness of Irish nature, as to threaten a magistrate—that insolent threat, always too familiar to London lips. All her Hibernian blood was in a rage. I wish some of our cold, stiff, tragedy heroines had seen Peg as she drew herself up and exclaimed—

"And ye would—would ye?—ye would—to the widow stranger woman, who sought honest bread under the shadow of your roof for seven years, for the bed-ridden mother, and the fatherless little ones?—Och, no, Mr. Richard, and that ye would not:—and, excuse my passion—but ye should not have said that same, sir." I was, indeed, heartily ashamed of having said "that same."

"But for a hasty word, ill would it become me to forget what ye have done for me and mine."—I had attended the family with my best medical skill in typhus fever, though I fear they had little faith in me,—or showed the will to do, any way, which is the same—and what *she* done!" And the grateful woman kissed the little ebony cross, with which I had presented her on the death of our common friend, Sister Agathé, whom she regarded as a saint, and, for ought I knew, on holidays invoked as one. "And if it be, sir, that it is as you say, for the little girl's own good, that I should tell you all I know, then I will, if you swear on the Book not to acquaint the mother. By the same token, I had a notion that I ought to tell you, and had a drame about that same this last night too." Here a female friend and country-woman was called from a neighboring cellar.

"Morrow! Mrs. Tuomy.—She is a true creature, Mr. Richard—I would trust her with a barry of gould—that Mrs. Tuomy. Will ye just give a luke to the barry, ma'am, whilst I run up to the place with the doctor, to see the ould lady, poor ould baiste—and sure I'd do more for yourself again."

"With all the veins, Mrs. Plunkett, ma'am, and compliments to the ould lady this same morning." And these civilities exchanged, I followed Peg's stoutest campaigning stride to the garret, where her bed-ridden ancient mother, so affectionately named "the poor ould baiste," had lain for many years.

"Welcome to the place, sir, and to the seat in it! She'll be glad to see ye, dear ould baiste. Moder dear, this is the doctor!" Peg bawled. But I have no time for this scene, which Peg had tact enough to perceive I was impatient of. She took, from a small, brown, broken tea-pot, or pipkin of some kind—part of the apparatus used in her lollipop manufacture, I believe—a number of letters or papers, blotted and tear-stained scrawls, but all in the well-known hand-writing of my poor Mary Anne. There may be persons who would have thought it dishonorable to read these writings. I had no scruples or admonitions of conscience. I loved the writer well; and my heart gave my eyes free warrant.

"And you were the messenger in this affair?"

"To Newgate prison, sir?—then, in troth, I

was. I don't deny it, Mr. Richard. Could I refuse the poor cratur, who, the thin white face tould me, was on her knees to me, as for the bare life, to go! In troth, then, I could not."

"I do not blame you; but tell me and quickly what passed." I looked to the papers again. They were—blotted, confused, interlined, as they appeared—the history of a criminal case—materials for a brief, in short—full of pathetic pleading, heart-inspired eloquence, and, what was more surprising, acute reasoning on facts and minute circumstances of evidence, though the writer was only my poor Mary Anne, and this, beyond all doubt, her first law-paper.

"Go on, Mrs. Plunkett! I am all impatience."

"Then, first, the poor girl swore me on the Book, or, all as one, tuke my word and honor, as an Irishwoman, never to tell who sent me there; for, somehow, she saw in the papers that Mr. Lyndsay Boyle, who is a gentleman born, was put up by them dirty scamps, for some thrifle of money 'bezzled.'"

I held the blotted brief; so I knew the whole history, and I was impatient on other points. Mr. Lyndsay Boyle's habits of thoughtless extravagance had led him into difficulties. He had exhausted the funds, and offended the feelings of his relations. He had also quarrelled with his rascally employers, the flash Wine and Spirit Company. He was in possession of their dishonest secrets of trade, which he had detected, and they were resolved to ruin him, and send him out of the country. It was an unhappy affair, and, very probably, a case of infamous conspiracy. But how came my unfortunate goddaughter to be involved in it!

"No more than the babe to be born to-morrow, knew the poor cratur, Mr. Richard, though the boy was once, in a way, her bachelor; but was she to see him hung?"

"Hung!—not so bad as that neither. It is only transportation—a case under Sir Thomas Plomer's act—that merciful and equitable law, Mrs. Plunkett, by which the pinched embezzler of 5s. is more liable to punishment, ruin to himself, and all connected with him, in fame, fortune and happiness, than the embezzler of £50,000; as the latter has a thousand better chances of eluding justice in the first instance, or of baffling it in the end. The sum for which this foolish young fellow is committed, seems 4l. 10s."

"Just that, sir—Mr. Tim Byrne, a countryman, a Treda\* man I met in Newgate, tould me all about it; for the young gentleman himself is, they say, mad entirely with the grief and affront—and, indeed, he looked like it. The shame of the world on them! to harm so handsome a boy, and to break the heart of the poor girlreen, for such a thrifle."

Mrs. Plunkett would look neither to statute nor common law, nor offence to justice. She stuck to "ruining a boy for 4l. 10s."—I had difficulty in keeping her to her text, on which she discoursed something at large.

"Och, little could I make of him, though I was as cunning as the Ould One not to mention the girlreen. He looked mighty high, and hardened, and proud at first; and whistled, and tramped about the yard as long as I stood, and made a laughing too.—And how is your neighbor, old David Moir, and his pretty daughter?" says he.

\* Drogheda, I believe, is meant.



'All very well, but will be sorry to the heart for you, sir,' says I. 'Oh, tell Miss Mary Anne not to concern herself about me;—and with that the whistle began again; and then he shouted 'DAMNATION!' and round on his heel, and away from me, for we were in the yard. And with that comes my countryman, Tim Byrne, who makes his bit of brade, poor sowl, writing of letters for the prisoners, and the like. 'He is a fine young man, Mrs. Plunkett, ma'am,' says he; 'and if you care for him or his, you must get an attorney, ma'am, and a counsel, and a brief drawn, and no time to lose; and five pounds at the very laste.' And with that I came home to Miss Mary Anne, waiting me here, poor dear!

"'Not concern myself!' cried the poor cratur. Had you but seen her, Mr. Richard! 'Och! how can he imagine his friends could help that!' cried she. Troth, had I born her, I could not be more sorry for the young cratur; and he was a gay, frank boy, too. Miss Mary Anne durst not tell the mother or the father; and five pounds were to us the Bank of Ireland—to her and myself, I mean; for if I had it, Mr. Richard—"

"Well, what did you?"

"Och! one or other of us—I believe it was herself—thinks, 'Sure Tim Byrne could help us something.' So back I goes, just as they were locking up, and Tim going home for the night; and I *traited* him myself on the way back, not to be bringing gin to the place, and poor Miss Mary Anne, who is a genteel cratur, waiting in it—Mr. Lyndsay Boyle's *sister*, as I called her to Tim:—no occasion for that vagabone knowing everything. So he tould her the whole story; and all night long she sat up in her own place, and wrote them scribbles, myself buying candles for her, to chate the ould one; and yesterday morning early, I took the clean copy—the brief it is—to Mr. —, with two Gould sovereigns; and the cruel baiste, putting that in his pocket, would not look to me. 'More money!' says he, 'I can offer no counsel this long brief with a paltry two sovereigns;' and back I came to the poor girl, who looked like one distracted. The sessions going hot on—no attorney, no counsel, no witness, and no money to procure them. Tim frightened the poor girleen out of her litle wits; and indeed, and in troth, I fear he is a bit of a rogue, Tim. 'Could not you get something on them ear-rings, ma'am,' says he; and out came the bits of ear-rings—down in his hand—and away she fled, and I saw her no more."

"And where is Mary Anne now, at this moment?" was my impatient cry.

"And indeed, and in truth, the Pace knows, Mr. Richard! Only this morning, the cratur that slaves for the ould woman her mother, tould me the pretty bird had flown; and where she is gone was the very thing I meant, sir, to ax yourself: and if I were in your place, sir, I would have the young things married out of hand, and let them comfort one another."

I was already half way down the crazy stair. "How could you, woman, delay me in this way!"

"Then, indeed, Mr. Richard, darling—"

"Go to the —! I mean go to your barrow, Peg; and if you see Mary Anne returning, bring her here to wait me."

"Then I will, jewel;—and why would the ould lady cross her? She took her own way—why cross the poor girl, if it's that young man she fancies!"

"Hush, hush!"

Newgate prison was my aim; but influenced by Peg's information, as this was in the heat of the sessions, I went first to the Old Bailey—that wholesale mart of English criminal justice, where, till the other day, life, character, happiness, peace of mind, were, from six to ten times in one hour, going! agoing! gone!

Who that has once seen the general aspect, and watched the proceedings of that yawning mouth of Avernus can ever forget it? Why have we not moral as well as historical painters? Hogarth has left us some striking lessons, and Cruikshanks has done something:—the Old Bailey alone, every day of the sessions, might have furnished numbers without number. It was about ten o'clock when I entered the court. Before eleven I had seen at least six cases tried, and as many juvenile thieves found guilty, and left ready, at a future day, to be sentenced in the lump. I mean, in one day, or rather one hour, to be condemned by the score to the hulks, transportation, whipping, or imprisonment. There was complete division of labor here. I endeavored to ascertain what cases stood next to come on. No one could tell. Probably no one there distinctly knew. It seemed all matter of accident or caprice; and all was crowd, hurry, buzz, bustle, and confusion. I was at a loss whether to remain where I was, or at once repair to Newgate, when my resolution was fixed by the mumbled call for a prisoner, whose name, at least to my fancy, resembled "Lyndsay Boyle;" and the young man himself was brought forward, escorted in the usual manner—changed, indeed, from what I had seen him some months before. I could not look upon the poor youth without deep interest and compassion. His case appeared to excite considerable curiosity. The court became crowded and choked up by all kinds of people. I was pushed back, and, from the noise, confusion, and hubbub on every side, it was impossible, from the place where I stood at last jammed in, to hear one word distinctly of the trial proceeding before me in dumb show. I looked on the unfortunate culprit, and the pantomime of justice performing before me, with a swell of indignant feeling which I shall not describe. The attorney, with whom I knew poor Mary Anne had left her hard-earned money, was visible in the crowd, but distant from the bewildered prisoner, gesticulating violently, as if calling, or pretending to call, to the officers of the court to get forward his witnesses—searching, or pretending to search, for the counsel who held the brief, and who could not be found. The bench *naturally* grumbled. I was afterwards told that very unusual patience and indulgence had been shown to the prisoner. It was indeed fourteen minutes by my watch from the time he was placed at the bar till the thrilling shriek of a female voice followed the awful *guilty*; and in the gallery, to which I now first looked, I saw a green gauze veil falling with the sinking head. The shriek of woman's agony was in those days not so rare in that court as to produce any very marked sensation.

"Remove the woman!" was but a customary official mandate. I pressed forward to take my goddaughter from the officers who hastened to conduct, or carry her out.

"He is sold—the poor fellow is sold!" were the indignant whispers and exclamations of the respectable persons around me, in whom free notions of the rights of property, and the habit of

thieving, had by no means obliterated all sense of natural justice, whatever the virtuous may think. Their sympathy with Boyle was lively and intense. Many of the poor wretches had probably passed through the same ordeal, or were liable to it. As I pushed through the crowd, I came upon the attorney, who had been apparently in hot pursuit of the counsel, now first found.

"Bless my soul!" cried the attorney, "but this is really unlucky."—Has that man a soul by which to bless himself?

"Ha! the case closed," replied the counsel, wheeling round; and, flinging his bundled briefs, involving the fortunes of probably some other half dozen wretches, he scampered off to another court.

"And is my evidence to be wholly useless?—not to be heard, sir?" said a decent-looking young tradesman, who now found the attorney that had been in search of him. "I have waited here every day this week, and this is Thursday, to give evidence, which I am morally certain would have cleared Mr. Lyndsay Boyle."

"We must now see what can be done through the Pardon Power," said the attorney. "If he has friends, there is no fear of him yet."

"But if he have none?" said the witness.

The attorney shrugged his shoulders. "I have a dozen cases here to-day—good bye, sir—write to his friends, if you wish him well, to move the Pardon Power—even that takes cash:—make way for the lady—fainted, poor thing!"

I claimed the unfortunate girl from the men who almost carried her. At the sound of my voice she revived. She flew to me, clasped me, clung to me, and then lay insensible in my arms, till the coach, into which some of the humane bystanders had assisted me to lift her, stopped at my brother's door.

"Then," she first murmured, "You saw it all!"

"I did."

"Just God! who judges! and was that a just trial? I never before witnessed one. It had ended before I knew it was begun. GUILTY! O, what will become of him! And they say he is half-mad already. If the king were to know this, he would pity him; and indeed, indeed, he is not guilty."

I could not deprive the poor girl of the hope that was the growth of her despair. "Indeed, I don't believe him guilty, Mary Anne; at least I am certain the punishment is most unequal—far exceeds the crime."

"You don't! you don't!" she cried, her eyes flashing over me with a wild joy; and she covered my hands with her burning kisses.

"You must be still, my dear Mary Anne. You are grieving me and destroying yourself; you must be composed and trust to me."

"To you! O, yes! to you, my best, my only, my true friend, my GOOD GENIUS!"

"I have brought you to my brother's for a few hours. The family are out of town to-day: you must go to bed and be well, and in the evening your mother will take you home: and no one shall know our affairs but ourselves." I was pleased with my own arrangement—pleased that my gentle and prudent sister was not at home, who, I had some doubts, would, with all her indulgence, have been strongly disposed to condemn the conduct of my goddaughter as a very flagrant breach of female propriety—which no doubt it was.

I told the necessary lies to the housekeeper, who was well acquainted with my goddaughter; and the patient, "suddenly seized," was regularly put to bed, and her chamber darkened. I returned home. When Mrs. Moir heard where I had left her sick daughter, the *boa* again recurred to her as the reason of Mary Anne's early flight, which I allowed her to believe was as she imagined, induced by dread of her righteous displeasure for the loss of that piece of gear; a loss which I was aware Mr. Attorney — had made pretty certain.

Under what influence, I am at a loss to say, but involuntarily my steps turned to Newgate. Under this same statute against *embezzlement*, I had known gross injustice and oppression practised. To city merchants, attorneys, and dealers of all kinds, *embezzlement* to the smallest extent appears the blackest and most atrocious of all crimes: hanging is too good for it. From Mary Anne's *brief*, or instructions to the attorney, it appeared that arrears of salary, or the per centage on sales due to the prisoner, very considerably exceeded the sum he was charged with having *embezzled*. That sum had been paid on a Saturday by the tradesman who stood ready to be his leading witness. He had granted a regular receipt for it: but on Tuesday it had not been paid over to his employers, and that night he was arrested. One or two gentlemen in business, with whom I talked the affair over on my way to Newgate, gave me very little hope. Fourteen years' transportation to the penal colonies was really no such great hardship to a young fellow, who might make his way there very well. The jury would not recommend him as a fit subject of the Pardon Power, assuredly; nor would a single gentleman in the city say one word in behalf of a man convicted of the dangerous and growing crime of *embezzlement*. The extravagance and dishonesty of clerks were getting beyond all bounds. Mr. Lyndsay Boyle attended races, probably gamed; kept a couple of horses, and, at least, one mistress. I need not say, that though the youth had been foolish enough, there was not one word of truth in these statements, as I found, when I afterwards rigidly traced his whole course of life and conversation.

But, in the mean time, I went to visit the prisoner. Our previous acquaintance had neither been very intimate nor cordial. Now he received me with coldness and hauteur enough, and talked of his own condition in what I may fairly term a style of unbecoming bravado. But by and by he lowered his tone; and on his clearly perceiving that I really had a strong impression of his innocence, and questioned the fairness of his trial, I gained him at once. He became as frank as he had been haughty; and placed so much confidence in my sympathy as, on slender solicitation, to tell me his whole story, and to all but weep in my presence, without being humiliated by the exposure of his true feelings.

The neglect of his relatives stung him the deepest. He had written and re-written home. True, there was little time; but could they not have sent—could they not have flown! He never once alluded to Mary Anne or her family, save to say, very coldly, that he "had been weak enough—mean enough—to apply to David Moir for a loan of five pounds to procure legal assistance, and had received no answer." I afterwards learned that it was the furtive perusal of this letter, intercepted by her mother, which had made my goddaughter acquainted with the fate of Boyle.

We had conversed for at least two hours; and I was now really, for his own sake and that of justice, and quite independently of Mary Anne, animated by the desire of aiding the young man to clear up this unhappy transaction. When we were about to part, and while he pressed me to return to see him, the jailors, or their assistants, ushered in a party of gentlemen with an unusual bustle and ceremony, one of them evidently just off a long journey.

"My uncle!" cried the prisoner, springing forward to meet a gentleman attended by the Common Sergeant, the Chaplain of Newgate, and one of the Aldermen, who, if I remember aright, was Mr. Alderman Waithman.

"And I am too late!—Lyndsay, what dreadful disgrace is this!" The gentleman sat down without seeing, at least without accepting the hand his unfortunate nephew had held out. The young man changed color repeatedly, and, indeed, appeared so painfully agitated, that I would have gone away to spare my own feelings, had he not silently held me.

Scenting the prey from afar, the attorney in the case followed the gentlemen into the private room we now obtained; and Boyle's uncle, who belonged to the legal profession, heard him "on the merits." He made statements, which, from Mary Anne's memorial, I took it upon myself to contradict and explain. The uncle now held out his hand to his young kinsman, who appeared astonished to learn that he really, after all, had enjoyed the benefit of legal assistance at his trial. The attorney had still to play his part; and as several functionaries were present whom it was not prudent to offend, I had the pleasure of hearing judge, jury, agent, and counsel, exonerated from all blame. Nothing had gone amiss; the trial was full and fair; every one had done his duty, and no one was in fault save "the poor young woman, the prisoner's wife or sister, who was so dreadfully agitated, that she had made a memorial so long and confused, that no counsel could read it, and was so late of lodging the fee, &c. Now, there was nothing for it but the Pardon Power."

I thought Boyle's eyes would have pierced me during part of this discourse. I left him with his friends, by his uncle's direction writing to his mother, and went to my brother's to see Mary Anne.

"Are you quite alone?" said the languid girl.

"Quite alone!" There was a long pause.

"And have you any news?"

"Very good news." She started up from her pillow, looking anxiously in my face. "Well, lie down till I tell you."

"I am lying."

"Turn your eyes from the light, then. I left Mr. Boyle with an uncle from Dublin, the Common Sergeant, the Recorder of London."

"His uncle, Mr. Lyndsay?"

"How the deuce should I know the lad's Irish relations! Alderman Waithman, and a Mr. —, a particularly rascally attorney."

"Oh!" sighed the patient. "And now I have no doubt that a pardon will be obtained for Boyle,"—she sprang up again—"in a few weeks, perhaps; so we need trouble our wise heads no more about him."

"Oh, no! no! no more—" sobbed my patient. "This is, indeed, all we could desire. He will be pardoned; and he is innocent. But do the innocent need pardon? He is innocent."

"Hush!—I hear your mother's voice."

"O, it is enough—he is pardoned." There was another pause. "And was that all?"

"All! Mr. Boyle had the delicacy not to mention to me the name of any former friend."

"That was right," sighed my patient, becoming very pale, and sinking down on her pillow. "Now, he can never know; no one can guess. It would kill me should any one suspect the wild things of these last two days."

Mrs. Moir entered on tip-toe. I used a little finesse. "Sleeping, and decidedly better," was my whisper, "fever much lower—ran so high that it was thought best to cut off her hair!"

"My Mary Anne's beautiful hair! her father will be so vexed!"

"Well, but don't vex her about it—never mention her loss!"

"Certainly not—and though her father likes that Scottish snood, I always thought Mary Anne looked much nicer in a neat, tidy cap."

Three days after this my goddaughter walked with me for some miles, quite recovered, she said; but it took a time. In a few weeks, however, she went into my brother's family for the winter, on the condition, that from Saturday to Monday, she was to come home to our lane.

With all the inquiries, and all the influences of back-stairs and front entrances that could be exerted, it was full two months before the Pardon Power released the prisoner, acknowledged to have been unjustly condemned. By this time we were become great friends. I had seen him often. Perhaps adversity had been of service in correcting his faults of pride and heedlessness, and something might be attributed to the removal of my original prejudices, for now I not only merely liked, but, on increased intimacy, conceived a highly favorable opinion of Mr. Lyndsay Boyle.

One of his first visits on his enlargement, was made to myself. He was about to return to Ireland with good prospects; and having a great opinion of my skill, save the mark! in *virtu*, he wished my directions in laying out some of the money his liberal uncle had supplied him with in pretty things as presents to take home—cameos, or mosaic ornaments, or trinketry of some kind or other. I took him to the shop of my friend, Mrs. G—; and his own good taste led him to select some of her fairy sculptures. While he bargained with the lady, G—talked apart in an under voice to me:—"The great lady has returned from Brighton at last, Richard; and she is charmed with the young girl's hair.—You can't have forgot the girl who sold Mrs. G— her hair; whom you scampered after like a madman that night in October last. Don't you remember the girl's hair that you said, in your own wild way, the old Greeks would have raised into a constellation, and adored by the name of Marianne."

"Mary Anna, my love," cried glib Mrs. G—, who, though deeply engaged in her Italian merchandise, had, like all clever shop-women, at least three pairs of eyes and ears corresponding; nor were young Boyle's deficient. As we walked along, he said, *à propos des bottes*, "By the way, how are our old friends, the Moirs? Miss Moir is not at home I believe?" "My goddaughter resides for this winter in my brother's family." He walked with me to the door of the house, and was not invited in. We stood on the steps. "Do you not, pardon me, Mr. Richards, think Mrs. Moir an exceedingly disagreeable, ill-tempered woman?"

"That is an odd, if not a severe remark: most



ladies can be disagreeable enough when it so pleases them; exceedingly disagreeable, is a strong phrase."

"Were it not for that vulgar woman:—now, David is an honest old Trojan—I like him." It was not my business to spell out Mr. Boyle's meanings: he fished out of me that I was, that same evening, to attend my brother's children and their little governess to the pantomime. He was in the box before us with a cousin I had formerly seen; a lad just entered at Lincoln's Inn. I was first made aware of his presence by my goddaughter, who sat by me, being seized with one of her ague-fits, that universal shivering which was her strongest manifestation of feeling, when soul and body maintained the passionate struggle. Not a feature was discomposed; nor could any one, save myself, have guessed that her emotion arose from anything save severe external cold. "O, dear, poor Miss Moir is so cold!" cried one of my little nieces, wrapping her fat arms round Mary Anne, as she pushed farther into a corner, and drew her shawl the closer. As the performance proceeded, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon the stage, she talked and even smiled with the laughing children and myself, and showed so wonderfully little of affected surprise, when Mr. Lyndsay Boyle ventured to recognize her, and when she coldly bowed to him, as to baffle even me.

"I thought she had been younger, Lyndsay," was the whisper of the cousin. "She looks quite an old woman, or at least a young matron."

"She is not so very old, though; but that ugly cap—it covers her glorious hair."

"Glorious hair!" returned the youth, laughing at the extravagant phrase; "Do you hear Lyndsay's description, Mr. Taylor?"

"Beautiful hair *she had*," was my response.

"And why has not now?"

"Because she cut it off in a brain fever, one night in October last," was my whisper—a sally repented as soon as made.

The young man started up suddenly, placed his handkerchief to his brow, and left the box. The cousin followed, imagining some sudden illness. I was almost provoked by the cold, demure air, which Mary Anne wore throughout the rest of the night; and was only reconciled to her, when I had, unintentionally, worked up her womanly feelings to a rage of pride, fully six months after Boyle had left London, without any attempts to see more of us. But to that parox-

ysm I have already alluded; nor did I ever again dare to hint at the possibility of Mary Anne having fallen in love, without due wooing, and all the proper rites of courtship.

Mr. Boyle had been franker in explanation with myself; but I was prudent this time, and thought silence, as to his sentiments, no bad auxiliary to the maidenly pride of my goddaughter, disdainful as she was become. If rash and impetuous in her love, Mary Anne was, at least, abundantly prudent in her marriage. She appeared for some years to show even that natural vocation to the serenity of old maidenhood, which some women really have—let the men say as they will. Her mother had been dead for three years, and her father retired from the bank before the united entreaties of her friends could shake a resolution early formed against the "honored state." She has now, however, been, for above seven years, the wife—and, I have reason to believe, the happy one—of a thriving and highly respectable distiller in the county of Antrim, and the mother of I know not how many fine children. Her father, who lives with her, is, I find, extremely useful to her husband; and happier, he writes me, than ever he was in his life before. At this very period, Mary Anne is still spoiling her third boy, Dick Taylor, who, by David's letters, is almost as great a genius and prodigy as his name-father—according to nurse Wilks—was fifty years ago. Specimens of his poetry have been sent me; and of his painting I possess a "chimera dire," which I am credibly informed is a horse. Mary Anne's last letter to me begins, "I am writing to my dear godfather with Dick in my lap.—Indeed, everybody says he is the most charming little fellow they ever saw. He insists on making these scratches for a letter to 'Grandpapa Taylor.'"

But the charm of my Mary Anne's epistles is, that though I have not seen her for seven years, each is written as if I had kissed her last night. We shall never grow out of acquaintance. My brother's family visited the Moirs last summer, on their tour to the Giant's Causeway. The most novel intelligence they brought me was this from my sister Anne:—"And gracious, Richard, could you ever believe it—Mrs. LYNDsay BOYLE is growing stout, and can whip her children!—Her very last words to me, with tears in her eyes, after I was in the carriage, were, 'Will my godfather *never* come!'"—Yes, before I die, I shall see *ould* Ireland and my dear Mary Anne!

#### THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.

A VERY pretty public stir  
Is making, down at Exeter,  
About the surplice fashion:  
And many bitter words and rude  
Have been bestow'd upon the feud,  
And much unchristian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care  
Whether a Parson ought to wear  
A black dress or a white dress;  
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—  
A Wife who preaches in her gown,  
And lectures in her night-dress!

*Hood's Mag.*

It having been asserted by the London correspondent of an American paper that several of the original writers for *Punch* had left him, that gentleman goes into a great passion, denies the truth of the assertion, and says, "Let it then be known to all America, that, with one single exception, the same pens that for three years past have been employed upon *Punch*, labor for it—and that right joyously—to the present hour. The exception we have alluded to is that of the author of the "Physiology of the Medical Student," &c., whose connection with *Punch* was brought to a close so far back as December, 1843.

From the New York Albion.

# MAIZE AND ENGLAND.

*A Letter on the Importance of the Corn and Flour Trade with England, by the River St. Lawrence, and on the advantages to be derived from introducing Maize into Great Britain, as a cheap article of Food for the Laboring Classes.*

UNTIL some untoward and malign influence shall have extinguished the natural partialities between different nations, which flows from kindred blood and a common language, there must exist a common disposition between the people of Great Britain and of the United States, to multiply and strengthen all their peaceful relations: and it will ever be the part of wisdom, to which their respective rulers should never become insensible, to encourage this natural tendency to the interchange of kind offices, by every political expedient. To accomplish this benevolent purpose, nothing is so well suited, or can be of such general influence, as commercial regulations for a mutually advantageous interchange of the greatest variety and amount of the products of each other's soil and industry. Each being the customer to the other, for whatever that other can more conveniently and cheaply produce; it becomes, then, the obvious interest of each, that the other should grow and prosper, without limit, in numbers and in wealth; and though it may sometimes happen that the ignorance or machinations of rulers would restrict or embitter their intercourse, or embroil them in war, the people, if at all enlightened, and having influence to exert any control over the action of government, will not fail to see that the true interests of all nations, so happily related to each other, for trade and commerce, is best promoted by rivalry in contributing to each other's welfare. Such appears to us to be the relative condition of England and the United States; and one of the most striking and promising expedients to strengthen the existing securities for this happy state of things, between the daughter and the mother country, that has lately fallen under our notice, is found in the suggestions of an unpretending but exceedingly well considered letter, in pamphlet form, of which the title forms the heading of these remarks.

We are not aware that this letter, addressed to Lord Ashburton, while minister to the United States, has ever found its way to the public through the ordinary channels of political and commercial intelligence; but right sure we are that it might well have done so, to the exclusion of acrimonious effusions, conceived in the bitterness of party spirit, and tending to instigate personal animosities and national antipathies; and we therefore commend it to the consideration of all who would understand the importance of this comparatively new branch of trade between America and England through Canada, and who possess any degree of authority and influence over it. We say to the consideration of all who would understand its importance, as we doubt if the agriculturist, or, generally speaking, the politicians and statesmen of the country, are aware of the magnitude and value of this trade in flour, wheat, and other grain and provisions, and various other commodities, to and through Canada, from our northern frontier; for every one must admit, that, whatever draws off the local excess of production, even in the most distant corners of the country, has a tendency to lessen the redundancy in other

parts of it, and to give general relief against excess; just as breathing a vein in the arm will diminish the pressure on the brain, and equalize the circulation through the entire system. If the farmers of northern Ohio and Michigan could not find a more convenient market in Canada, their overflowing granaries must needs find a market on the sea-board of the Atlantic.

The letter in hand quotes a writer, who observes:

"We have, on two or three occasions, alluded to this trade, pointed out its value, its great increase, and consequent importance. We have shown that in consequence of Canada wheat and flour being admitted into the ports of Great Britain, at a low rate of duty, the bulk of those articles raised in Canada, were exported to England, and the deficiency made up by imports of similar articles from the United States, to supply the home consumption. And we have also hinted that possibly some part of the imported articles may have found their way to England, via the St. Lawrence, under the denomination of colonial products; but we had no conception of its magnitude, until the official returns were promulgated."

He then proceeds:—

"We have before us a copy of the Treasury Report, containing a statement of the commerce and navigation of the United States. These statistical documents are of immense value, if properly used, in exhibiting the development of commerce and industry, with the relative importance of each department of business.

"In looking over the documents, we were struck with a fact which, we think, will surprise our readers as much as ourselves. It is this: the navigation, or the tonnage, between the United States and the British possessions in America, is one third of the whole tonnage of the United States. Of this, more than two thirds, or nearly one fourth of the whole tonnage of the United States, is with the Canadas. The results are thus:—

|                                  |           |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Whole tonnage entering the ports |           |
| of the United States, . . . .    | 2,259,309 |
| Entering from British America, . | 761,096   |
| From Canadas, . . . . .          | 535,461   |

"Great as is our trade with England, the tonnage required to carry it on is less than that engaged in the lake commerce with the Canadas. Thus:—

|                                |         |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| Entered from England, tons . . | 496,773 |
|--------------------------------|---------|

"The immense value of fine goods in proportion to their weight, explains why the value of importations from England is so much greater in proportion to the tonnage employed.

"That trade with the British Possessions in America is a valuable one, in a commercial point of view, we may gather from the state of the account:

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Value of Imports, . . . . | \$2,006,767 |
| " " Exports, . . . .      | 6,093,250   |

"Nearly four millions of the above exports consisted of wheat flour and bread stuffs.

"From this it appears that the export of farinaceous food from the United States to the Province exceeds in value four millions of dollars annually! employing a tonnage equal to one third of the whole foreign tonnage of the United States; while the imports in return from the same provinces only amount to \$2,000,000."

Although our chief purpose is with the other branch of this interesting letter, to wit: the im-

portance of admitting American *Indian corn duty free* into the ports of England; we cannot forbear making further extracts from that portion which relates to the general trade between our northern frontiers and England, via the St. Lawrence. The writer goes on to remark:

"The importance and extent of this trade is beginning to be seen by the American frontier press generally; and I will, for your lordship's information, add one or two other extracts, confirmatory of my own statements.

"*Canada Trade.—Important Facts.*—Last year Port Stanley, on Lake Erie, and two other shipping places a few miles from it, exported 86,000 bushels of wheat, 2000 barrels of flour, and 1400 of pork, and imported 5400 barrels of salt and 3000 tons of merchandize. Twenty years ago, there was scarcely 500 bushels exported at these places.

"Last year, there were transported, through the Welland Canal, from U. C. to U. S. ports, 946,142 bushels of wheat and 11,250 barrels of flour—and from United States to Canadian ports, 88,964 bbls. flour, 22,307 of pork, and 367,261 bushels of wheat; also, from Canadian ports on Lake Erie and Niagara district to Canadian ports on Lake Ontario, 120,893 barrels of flour, 514 barrels of pork, and 260,935 bushels of wheat.

"The amount of American salt imported by Canada, during the past season, is estimated by a writer in the Toronto Patriot at 18,000 barrels."—*Rochester Evn. Post.*

"The Detroit Daily Advertiser offers the following observations. They show not only a vast increase in the grain trade with Canada, but in the provision trade also:—

"The grain trade with Canada, from Michigan and various other states, has been increasing with great rapidity. Nor is it confined to grain; provisions of all kinds enter into it largely. We cannot, of course, give any accurate estimate of its present amount, but in 1840, the total value of the exports to Canada, from the United States, was \$4,296,405. Among the articles were: wheat, 1,066,604 bushels; flour, 432,356 barrels; Indian corn, 130,747 bushels; pork, 38,863 barrels; hams, 138,611 lbs.; lard, 102,711 lbs.; in all which, Michigan is directly interested. The amount exported in 1841 is estimated to have been three times as much; and we know that in Michigan, at least, there will be an immense increase the present year. The warehouses in this city are loaded down with meat and flour stored for the Canadian market, and the same we understand to be true at all the principal grain points in the state. Purchases have been making all winter on Canadian account, and this outlet for the coming crop has been confidently looked to by our Michigan farmers, as one of the main inducements to an extensive cultivation. Within a week or two, we saw a communication in an interior paper, in which the writer sought to revive the spirits of the wheat growers by dwelling upon this new market."

"Now, my lord, what stronger evidence or further proofs do we require of the vast benefits to be derived from this great and growing intercourse? It is a trade that does not require high duties and bounties for its protection—it does not require even the fostering hand of government—it only requires to be left to itself. It has created itself by the force of circumstances, and, if unmolested, will go on increasing and multiplying to an indefinite extent, to the inconceivable advantage of the

American producer and the British consumer. If unmolested, we say, we know not where to fix limits to its magnitude. The entire lake frontier, for a thousand miles, will teem with the golden fields of harvest, the produce of which the hungry but industrious artisan of Manchester and Birmingham will readily purchase when brought to his door, and pay for it in the articles of his own skill and industry. If England can be supplied with food from Canada and the North-Western States of the American Union, at a cheap rate, to an indefinite extent, and can pay for it in the products of her labor: her increasing population is no longer formidable, for additional millions may yet be retained on her surface, without the dangers that have been apprehended from redundant and surcharged population."

The whole subject is so important, and the views of it presented by the writer of this letter so striking, that it is with reluctance we omit any part of it. Every one, of any reflection, must see that the advantages enjoyed by exporters of provisions and bread stuffs from Canada, over exporters of the same articles directly from the United States, must lead to the exportation of all such articles produced in Canada, and the substitution of ours for their own consumption, except to the extent that they may continue with equal advantage to the United States to pass off ours for their own, with the mother country. Is it not then clear beyond dispute, that herein we have a great stake involved, not only in the maintenance of honorable and peaceful relations between the two countries, but that the number and capacity of the people of Canada and of the mother country to pay for and consume, should keep pace, if possible, with the unlimited capacity of northern and western New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States, to supply them? For truly, in another place, says the writer of this able exposition, if the American exports to the Provinces, amount (as they did in 1842) to six millions of dollars annually, now that the trade is in its infancy, what will it be when it has ripened or advanced further to maturity? But let us pass to the other, and to both countries, perhaps, the yet more interesting, branch of the subject—the *admission of Indian corn into Great Britain free of duty!*

This, we agree with the writer, while it would open a vent and a market to America for her most redundant grain, and staple, would prove a great blessing to the laboring people of Great Britain; needless would it be to add that kindly, indeed, must be the influence of a measure attended by such results, on the feelings and intercourse of both nations.

Those who object that the free introduction of Indian corn would materially impair the consumption of English wheat flour, should bear in mind that wheat forms no part of the diet of the laboring classes; and others, who suppose that it would be impossible to dissipate the prejudice which would naturally resist the introduction of an aliment with which the people are altogether unacquainted, ought to remember, in contradiction to any such hypothesis, how slow, and almost by forced marches, was the progress of turnip and potato culture and consumption in England, while the latter root now constitutes from *three to four fifths of the entire food* of the people of Ireland—the entire crop being of the estimated value of from 60 to 70,000,000 of dollars! Let then the British people be supplied with Indian corn, as cheaply as it



might be furnished from America, if admitted free of duty, and it is not reasonably to be doubted but that it would soon be as freely consumed there, as in the United States, where, with as little compulsion or inducement as could possibly exist in any country, it makes its appearance in so many forms, more especially in the Middle and Southern States, not only at the tables of the most opulent, but in the humblest cabin of white or black laborers. We have repeatedly seen and enjoyed it, in half a dozen various and palatable shapes and forms, at the breakfast tables of the best housekeepers, and best bred people, in Maryland and Virginia—in the shape and form, for instance, of "*hominy*," great and small, in "*mush*," to be eaten most agreeably with rich unskimmed milk, in "*journey cake*," baked very thin, on boards before the fire, and brought on crisp and hot, to be eaten with butter; in "*egg-pone*," light and yellow as gold, and, above all, as some say, in "*batter-cakes*," spongy and porous, and far superior to the boasted buck-wheats. There is nothing, in fact, which admits of a greater variety of culinary modifications and combinations, than Indian meal: it mixes, readily and cheaply, with molasses, with milk, with butter, with lard, and, as the hardy laborer will tell you, with the gravy, or "*sop*," of any portion of the hog—body, liver or lights. For the laboring negro, a fourth of a bushel of Indian meal, with two or three pounds of fat middlings, per week, and a herring a day, with the offal of the dairy, is the common and most abundant allowance; and in proof of the remarkable adaptation of this particular portion of his ration, to the taste and healthful sustenance of the laboring man, it may be truly added, that no change of diet is borne so impatiently, nothing will more certainly excite an insurrectionary spirit on a plantation, as "*giving out*" rye or wheat flour, in some places still called English bread, or any other substitute, in place of his *peck of Indian meal*! That, with him, is a *sine qua non*; nor is a partiality for it confined by any means to the African race: whites, when once accustomed to the use of it, are little less reluctant to give it up. Hence to have corn bread, in some shape, especially for breakfast and dinner, is a standing household order in a large portion of the United States. We once received a letter from a Maryland-bred eastern shore gentleman, and more need not be said, dated in Florence, describing the delights of the climate, and the cheapness of luxurious living; which concluded with the declaration, that all its boasted and real enjoyments did not compensate with him, for the loss of Maryland oysters and *hominy*,—and it happened also within our knowledge, that an accomplished officer of the army, from the West, stationed on our frontier, applied to a brother officer in the South, for an exchange of posts, expressly on the ground that the Yankees would not give him, or did not understand making, *corn bread*! Those who were familiar with the domestic habits of *General Washington*, will remember that, even on the most stately occasions, at Mount Vernon, nothing could prevail with him to forego his "*ash-cake*" for dinner, made of the dough of Indian meal, placed between cabbage-leaves, and baked in the ashes on the kitchen hearth. All these facts are mentioned to prove that use would not only reconcile the British people to the consumption of Indian corn as a common diet, but would beget with them the same partiality, which exists for it where used, and its

intrinsic excellence, not necessity or cheapness, recommend it. It would seem to be preposterous to doubt it, while the use of it would not interfere with any grain grown and used there, or likely to be used, for the same purpose.

Moreover—the fluctuations in the quantity and price of potatoes expose the laboring population of Great Britain, occasionally, to miserable privation, bordering on famine; and then, how deplorable the condition of the common people, whose common food, and dependence for life itself, is of the cheapest and lowest grade of the earth's productions upon which life can be sustained, with no aliments, even roots, in reserve, below it, on which they can fall back in case of scarcity. Finally, there would really appear to be reigning somewhere some extraordinary and baneful influence, when it happens, in the order of Providence or governments, that America, bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of England, is producing in ruinous superfluity, the noblest grain of the earth—one of the most nutritious and palatable aliments of human and of animal life—amounting, as did our crop of Indian corn in 1839, to 377,531,875 bushels—any power or circumstance should forbid the use of it to a laboring population to whom, after all, their country owes her real wealth at home, and her power over the world; but we are at once anticipating, and weakening by anticipation, the force of suggestions on this head, that we would fain have had commended to public notice, more worthily and under more favorable auspices, and will only add that the writer could not have chosen to address them to one more loyal to England, more friendly to America, or more respected in all countries, than LORD ASHBURTON. It is not to be doubted, that, as his lordship's personal suavity and unassuming deportment equally characterize his distinguished successor, so, too, will his disposition to harmonize the interests of the two countries, acting on the sentiment, that—

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser."

"Now, my lord, proceed to the second branch of the subject, viz.:

*The advantages to be derived from introducing the MAIZE into Great Britain, as a cheap article of food for the poor and working classes.*

A relaxation of the British Corn Laws, now happily in progress, promises a large addition to the trade of the two countries; but I have long been of opinion that it was a desideratum to throw into Great Britain a cheaper article of food than wheat, or any of the grains now in use. For I do not see how a man, earning eight or ten shillings a week, can feed a family of as many children with wheaten bread at the price it must necessarily be, even at the new and reduced scale of duties. Such an article is to be found in this country, and its introduction would be an important auxiliary to trade, and would prove a blessing to the poor and the laboring classes of the three kingdoms.

The article to which I allude is the Maize or Indian corn, which grows so abundantly in this country. As you well know, it is cheap, palatable, wholesome, and nutritious in an eminent degree; and you also know with what profusion it could be supplied from this country if there were a steady demand for it, and how easy it

would be for England to pay for it, as all its growers here are lovers and consumers of British manufactures.

Cobbett attempted to introduce it into England by cultivation; but the climate of Great Britain is too cold to bring it to perfection, and therefore his experiments failed. It requires the dry atmosphere and ardent sun of America and other warm climates to ripen it fully.

Maize, or Indian corn, is the farinaceous food in general use in the rural districts of the United States. Upon it, children thrive and adults labor, without the assistance of wheat. It is prepared in an infinite variety of ways—in cakes, in pudding, in the form of bread, &c., &c., and possesses a superiority to barley in powers of sustenance, in flavor, and in expansibility during the process of cooking. It can be sold at the port of shipment at half a dollar per bushel; its freight across the Atlantic would be about eighteen cents per bushel, and, if admitted into England duty free, it could be ground into meal or flour at a cost of 6-3-4 cents more, making in all 75 cents, or three quarters of a dollar. Allowing, in addition to this, 25 cents for retail profits, the article could be sold at one dollar a bushel in the manufacturing towns, or about four shillings and fourpence sterling.

Now the bushel weighs at least fifty-eight pounds, which, at four and fourpence, is less than one penny sterling per pound; and as there would be a gain to the shipper of the difference of exchange, there can be no hazard in saying that the article would be always on sale at that price.

Admitting then, that maize, ground into meal and fitted for family use, can be sold at one penny per pound in the manufacturing districts, let us see the extent of the benefits to be derived from it.

As an article of general domestic use it has no equal, where economy is an object to be kept in view. It is easily converted into puddings, cakes, rolls, and bread; but the cheapest mode of using it—that is to say, the way in which it will go the farthest—is, in the form of hasty pudding; and in this manner, when properly cooked, its advantages as a cheap food are surprising. To establish this fact, I made the following experiment:—

I carefully weighed out one pound of the meal and gave it to a person who understood the mode of cooking it. In the course of boiling, it absorbed about *five pints* of water, which was added at intervals until the process was complete. The bulk was again weighed and gave as a result *four pounds and a half*. Such are the powers of expansion possessed by this kind of grain. On dividing the mass into portions, it was found to fill *four* soup-plates of the ordinary size, and with the addition of a little milk and sugar, gave a plentiful breakfast to four servants and children.

According to this experiment, one pound of maize flour, which cost one penny, would give a breakfast to *four persons*, at *one farthing* each; and if we add to this another farthing for milk, sugar, or butter, the breakfast would cost *one half-penny* each, and would be an ample meal for females and children. Thousands of working men, indeed, have gone to their daily labor during the past winter with a much more scanty breakfast.

But it is not for breakfast alone that this pre-

paration is useful; it is equally adapted for the other meals, particularly that of supper; and it is found from daily experience in all the rural districts of this country, that persons, instead of becoming tired of the article, become daily more attached to it—thus giving a physical illustration of Shakspeare's remark, that "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on."

When, during the last war with the United States, I was intrusted with the charge of the Prison Hospital at Melville Island, near Halifax, the depot was crowded with American soldiers who had been captured in Canada, and sent round to Nova Scotia for safe custody. Many of these poor men were afflicted with fevers and other diseases—and being mostly from the northern parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania, where they had been accustomed to Indian corn from their childhood—their cry for "*mush and milk*" was incessant. As no such article was issued in the Prison Hospital allowance, their lamentations took the tone of despair. At length, moved by their complaints, I applied to the contractor to send a supply of Indian corn meal, and, employing one of the healthy prisoners to prepare the article properly, I soon placed before the poor sufferers the object of their longings. I mention this fact to show how fond people become of this article of food by constant use.

The palatable auxiliaries of this preparation of the maize—I mean the *hasty pudding*, or *mush*, as it is termed in the United States—are sugar, molasses or treacle, and butter; but the best and most healthful by far is *milk*, a small quantity of which gives it a most agreeable flavor, and renders it highly digestible and nutritious.

The other preparations, such as hominy, cakes, puddings, and bread, are constantly resorted to by all economists in the country; wheaten bread, indeed, with an addition of one third corn meal is decidedly improved by it, and obtains the preference at the tables of almost all American families. It acquires by this addition a sweetness in flavor, and a freshness that we in vain look for in bread made entirely of wheat.

Having said thus much as to the qualities, use, and cost of this article, I shall conclude by making the following deductions and observations.

1st. That the laboring classes and poor of Great Britain, require a *cheaper article of food than wheaten bread*.

2d. That although wheat contains a large portion of *gluten*, or the nutritive ingredient, *bulk* is necessary, not only to satisfy the craving of hunger, but to promote digestion by the "stimulus of distension," which bulk alone can give.

3d. That the craving of hunger being removed or alleviated by the quantity taken, the mind is more at ease; the mental irritability consequent upon hunger is assuaged, and man goes to his labor with cheerfulness and vivacity, becoming a more peaceful citizen and perhaps a better man.

4th. That maize possesses a great superiority over rye, barley, oatmeal, or potatoes—not that it contains a greater quantity of *gluten*, but that its constituent parts are better proportioned, and consequently make a better article of food.

5th. That, admitted into England duty free, it would be a cheaper article of food than any of those above named, besides being vastly superior to them in nutritive and healthful properties.

6th. That it can be obtained in any quantities from all parts of the United States, and particularly from the middle and Southern States, on the Atlantic seaboard—as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, whose proximity to the sea and ports of shipment give them great advantages by saving inland conveyance. The whole valley of the Mississippi also yields it in abundance.

7th. That the people of all parts of the United States are consumers of British manufactures; for in spite of national asperities, they adopt the habits, tastes, fashions, and dress of their English ancestors. This, I think, is a natural feeling in the human breast, for I never knew a son who was offended by being told that he resembled his parent. The imported grain then would be paid for in the products of British industry.

8th. That the rapidly increasing population and limited superficial surface of the British isles, will speedily render a foreign supply of grain necessary even in the most productive seasons—and consequently a reduction of duties must ensue; it is therefore advantageous to the agricultural interests, as land is becoming so valuable, to reserve as much of the soil of England as possible for the cultivation of wheat and more valuable products; and nothing will tend to promote this object, more than the introduction of a copious supply of cheaper farinaceous food for the poor and laboring classes.

9th. That by a process of this sort Great Britain will be able to feed a much larger population upon her surface than at any former period.

10th. That by reason of an unusually long peace, France and other European countries have vastly augmented in population, which, added to their love of military glory, makes them formidable neighbors to England, and will enable them in the event of fresh hostilities to bring very large armies into the field—to place larger navies upon the ocean, and to increase all their aggressive powers—rendering it imperative on her to retain as large a portion of her people at home as can be fed, leaving emigration to pursue its natural and steady course without being forced by artificial means, or rendered unavoidable from the scarcity of food. Whoever looks at the position of Great Britain at this time, and surveys the formidable nations that lie contiguous to her, and their vast means of annoyance, can hardly pronounce her safe with much less than a constant resident population of *thirty millions of souls*.

11th. That a new article of export from the United States will put forth another ligament for uniting the two countries—will enlist a large mass of the agricultural people of this country in favor of a continuance of peace, and tend to dissipate the clouds that now overshadow the pacific relations of England and America.

There might be some difficulty, perhaps, in the first instance, in inducing the people of England to adopt the use of the maize; but this could be got over with some assistance from the press, especially if benevolent and patriotic individuals would set the example to the masses by explaining its value and using it themselves. Its own intrinsic merits would do the rest, and Cobbett's publications would furnish instructions for using and cooking the article in the many forms of which it is susceptible.

Perhaps the estimate of one farthing for sweet-

ening the plate of pudding may be deemed too small when the article is prepared on a small scale; it may be so, but it will be found sufficient when made by the quantity. Prepared in large quantities and sold as soup is sold at soup houses, is the plan I have had in view to meet the lowest point of economy, viz., *the halfpenny a plateful*, which will, according to the experiment described at page 12, contain one pound and two ounces of wholesome and nutritious food. What a blessing would such an article at such a price have proved to the starving multitudes in the manufacturing towns during the last winter! How many poor children would have been spared the pangs of hunger by it; and with what effect could appeals have been made to the benevolent, if they could have been told that a donation of five shillings would arrest the cravings of one hundred and twenty persons—that one shilling would do the same for twenty-four human beings, and sixpence for twelve!

I have fixed the first cost of the maize at half a dollar per bushel; but if the monetary system of the United States should collapse to the standard of 1820, the article would be even lower; indeed it is questionable if the progress of *Temperance Societies* does not materially reduce its price, by throwing out of use those great consumers of maize—the thousands of stills now in operation for the distillation of whisky and New England rum; in which case it might perhaps bear a small duty at the British Custom Houses.

If by the gradual and progressive introduction of this cheaper article of food, the surface of the British isles can be made to sustain a larger population—wheat and other products of the soil will not be diminished in consumption, and consequently the farmer and landholder will not be injured, seeing that England has already her maximum of mouths for the acres that can be tilled to fill them. An augmented population causes an augmented consumption of excisable and dutiable articles, thereby replenishing the treasury and adding to the aggregate power of national strength. In this way only can England bear on her surface the necessary population, and raise an adequate revenue to enable her to keep pace with the daily increasing power and resources of the potent and perhaps hostile nations that surround her.

As the process of grinding, cooling, and drying the maize is best understood in this country, it would be advisable in the first instance to use the meal prepared at the American mills, especially as the expense of milling is here always covered by the tollage, or *one tenth* of the quantity ground.

Trusting that your lordship may coincide with the views and opinions here expressed, and if so that your lordship will use your high and justly acquired influence with her Majesty's government, and the legislature of Great Britain, to impress them with the same sentiments; and earnestly hoping that these high authorities may see the wisdom of repealing all duty upon the article of food here mentioned, and thus confer happiness on millions of their fellow-creatures, is the fervent prayer of your Lordship's obedient servant,

New York, May 1, 1842.

The duty at present on Indian corn in England, is eleven shillings per quarter, when the average price is twenty-six shillings; diminishing in duty one shilling as the average price advances that sum,"



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MALIBRAN, THE AIDE-DE-CAMP: A SKETCH OF SPANISH WARFARE.

On a bright spring morning of the year 1835, a detachment, consisting of some two hundred foot-soldiers, with three mounted officers at their head, was marching at a rapid pace along a narrow country lane in the neighborhood of Hernani. The irregular uniform of these men—some of whom were clothed in loose gray coats, others in jackets of sheepskin, or of dark cloth or velvet thickly studded with small metal buttons—and still more the flat scarlet cap which they all wore, indicated them to be of the corps of Chapelgorris, or Redcaps, a body of volunteers that had been raised early in the war to defend the cause of the Spanish queen in the province of Guipuzcoa. Under cover of the night they had issued forth from their cantonments upon one of the skirmishing, foraging expeditions in which these irregular troops particularly delighted; and now that the sun had risen, they found themselves well advanced into the country occupied by the Carlists. To men less admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, their position would have been a dangerous one; but their extreme activity, and intimate acquaintance with that intricate and mountainous country, enabled them to venture fearlessly and with little risk to some distance within the Carlist lines.

Emerging from the lane they had been following, the little band crossed a couple of fields, and gained the summit of a ridge of land, whence they looked down into a valley, broken by water-courses, and varied by apple orchards and clumps of forest trees. The first glance from their elevated position warned them that they were in presence of an enemy. At the distance of about a mile, two or three companies of Carlists were under arms, and, on the first appearance of the queen's troops, a cloud of skirmishers detached themselves, and advanced at a long swinging trot to meet them. The Chapelgorris were not slow to follow their example; and presently, from behind trees and bushes, puffs of white smoke might be seen rising, followed by the sharp report of the long muskets used in this Indian kind of warfare. Thorough guerillas in their way of fighting, neither party thought of advancing *en masse*, or charging with the bayonet; such a course would have been quite contrary to their habits, and would, moreover, have shortened too much the pleasure of the skirmish. To these hardy mountaineers, accustomed from childhood to the use of arms, a fight of this kind appeared in the light of a shooting-party, the excitement and amusement of which was heightened by the risk (not very great, by the way,) that attended it. Of the three horsemen who headed the Chapelgorris, one had remained with the main body, another accompanied the skirmishers, and the third, dismounting, and taking a musket from a soldier who attended him, had hastened forward to take his share in the fighting that was going on. The skirmish had lasted nearly half an hour, with trifling damage on either side, when four or five mounted men were observed to join the Carlists; and one of them, spurring into a gallop the powerful black horse which he rode, pushed forward between the lines of skirmishers, drew his sabre, and waved it over his head in sign of defiance. He was immediately made the target for a dozen bullets; but the manner in which he kept cantering up and down between the two parties, rendered

him a difficult mark to hit, and he remained unhurt, flourishing his sword, and hurling imprecations and abuse at the Christinos.

"*Hijos de p——, cobardes!*—dastards and poltroons that you are! Will none of you try a sabre-cut with Martin of Eybar?"

"Here is a chance for you, Malibran," said one of the Chapelgorris officers, riding up to his dismounted comrade, who was standing beside an old moss-grown tree, and loading his musket, yet smoking from its last discharge. "It is the famous Martin, who has just formed a *partida* for the service of the Pretender. Will you ride out and meet him? If not, I must, for the honor of the corps."

The person thus addressed was a young man of one or two and twenty, of slender figure, with a pale, expressive countenance and dark fiery eyes. He was a native of the island of Cuba, and nephew by marriage of the celebrated Madame Malibran Garcia. Finding himself in Spain when the civil war broke out, he was seized with a fit of military enthusiasm, and had joined the battalion of Chapelgorris as a volunteer, accompanying them in all their skirmishes and expeditions. He had, moreover, engaged, for the space of one year, to maintain a captain of the corps out of his own resources; thus, in a manner, buying the commission, which was promised to him at the end of his twelve-month's military noviciate. Under these circumstances, he, of course, lost no opportunity of distinguishing himself; and that which now offered was too tempting a one to be let slip. Hurrying to his horse, he sprang into the saddle, and galloped forward to meet the Carlist, amidst a cheer from the Chapelgorris, by whom his dashing courage caused him to be idolized. At the same moment, and as if by mutual consent, the fire of the skirmishers was suspended.

There was a striking contrast between the two champions who now approached each other. Malibran was slight, active, and supple, without much appearance of strength, and mounted on an Andalusian horse, whose fine legs, high crest, and exquisitely formed head, bore witness to the excellence of his breed. The Carlist, on the contrary, full six feet high, square-built, and broad-shouldered, his strongly-marked features rendered the more martial and imposing by a thick, black moustache, bestrode a horse more remarkable for bone than blood, and apparently fully up to the weight of his ponderous cavalier. From his saddle was hung a *trabujo*, or short blunderbus, capable of carrying a dozen or fifteen *postas*, as the small bullets, or rather slugs, with which that description of gun is loaded, are called. He showed no disposition, however, to make use of this formidable weapon; but, with a fierce shout and a scornful laugh, charged down upon Malibran as though he anticipated an easy bargain of an antagonist so inferior to himself in weight and strength. If such were his idea, it was a most erroneous one. Malibran was an excellent swordsman; and that quality, added to his agility, his presence of mind, and the good training of his horse, made him fully a match for his confident adversary. Evading the first shock, he began to wheel and turn about the Carlist with a rapidity that utterly confused the latter, whose comparatively clumsy steed was unable to follow the quick movements and changes of position of Malibran's charger. The combat was of short duration. Profiting by a moment when a fiercely dealt but

ineffective blow had thrown the Carlist slightly off his balance, Malibran, by a vigorous thrust, passed his keen sabre nearly through the body of his foe, who, with a deep groan, fell heavily to the ground. There was a shout of triumph from the Christinos—an answering one of fury from the Carlists, who let fly a hasty but harmless volley at the conqueror. Malibran caught the now riderless horse of his opponent by the bridle, and, setting spurs to his own, galloped back to his friends. The skirmish recommenced with greater fury than before; but the Carlists received reinforcements, and the Chapelgorris were compelled to retreat, fighting as they went. Without any material loss they regained their own lines.

Several weeks had elapsed since this incident; and Malibran, now a commissioned officer, had been appointed to the staff of General Cordova, then commanding in chief in the north of Spain. The division was on its march to Vittoria, and the young aide-de-camp was indulging in certain pleasing speculations as to the manner in which he was likely to be received in that city by a person in whom he felt a strong interest. On a previous occasion, when quartered there, he had made the acquaintance of an exceedingly beautiful girl, who was residing with the family in whose house he had been billeted. His stay had been but short, but yet long enough for him to fall violently in love with this young lady, who, on her part, by no means discouraged his attentions. The disturbed state of the country rendering communications difficult, Malibran had heard little of or from her during his absence; but he made sure of still finding her at Vittoria, her own home being in the heart of the Carlist country, whither she was not likely to return while things continued in their then unsettled state.

On arriving at Vittoria, Malibran went himself to the *boletero*, and requested a billet on the same house in which he had been formerly lodged. It was given to him, and he proceeded to take up his quarters. His servant brought up his arms and baggage, and placed them in the apartment allotted to his master; which Malibran himself soon afterwards entered, accompanied by the lady of the house and the young person with whom he was in love. The latter had her girlish curiosity attracted by the arms and accoutrements scattered about the room, amongst which was the *trabujo* that had formerly belonged to Martin of Eybar. It was a remarkably small and light weapon of its kind, richly carved and ornamented, and proceeding from the famous manufactory of fire-arms at Eybar, in Guipuzcoa. Malibran, with a pardonable vanity, was in the habit of carrying it on his saddle, as a sort of trophy of his victory over the gigantic *facioso*. The young girl took it up and closely examined its decorations, and the fantastical figures and arabesques with which it was inlaid. At last, "Where did you get this *trabujo*?" she asked.

"From a Carlist whom I killed," replied Malibran carelessly, not suspecting the question to be motivated by any stronger feeling than mere curiosity.

His mistress fell to the ground in a dead faint. The former owner of the gun had been her brother.

At an action which occurred in the spring of 1836, at the foot of the heights of Arlaban, Malibran was charging at the head of a squadron of light cavalry, when they got into a heavy cross fire, and he was hit on the side of the head by a

bullet from some Carlist infantry, which the dragoons had passed in the eagerness of the charge. Malibran was going along at the very top of his horse's speed, waving his sabre, and cheering on the men, when the shot struck him. An officer, who was riding beside him, heard the ball strike against his skull, making a noise which he afterwards described as resembling the sharp tap of a stick on a table, or some other hard substance. Another gallant young aide-de-camp, a son of General Oraa, was shot dead, nearly at the same place and moment. Malibran was not killed; he was taken into Vittoria, and carefully attended to, and for some time it appeared highly probable he would recover. He was well enough to write to a friend, telling him not to be uneasy on his account, for that he should soon be in the saddle again. Three days afterwards he was in his coffin.

He was a general favorite, and his funeral was attended by a long train of staff and other officers, including those of the squadron in charging with which he lost his life. Universal regret was felt and expressed at this untimely termination to a career which had had so brilliant a commencement.

#### THE DYING BOY.

"COME nearer, mother, raise the curtain high,  
And let us look upon the spangled sky;  
Leave still thy hand in mine. Put back the hair  
That clings around my brow; say, wilt thou wear  
One of these tangled curls when I am dead,  
Nor tears too bitter o'er the relic shed?  
My Saviour calls me to a heavenly home,  
And angels near me gently whisper, 'come;'  
While from their golden harps the echo rings,  
I hear the rushing of their shadowy wings.  
Listen, my mother, though thy voice be sweet  
Unto mine ear, the gladsome strains that greet  
Thy slumbering boy have tones of deeper love,  
Murm'ring about my couch, around, above,  
Like music in the air. When in the sea  
The red sun nightly sets, it seems to me  
That angels must be there, and track their way  
From the bright chambers of eternal day.  
Thou'lt think of me when thou dost look on high,  
In those blest mansions, far beyond the sky;  
Thou'lt think of me, I know, when earth seems fair,  
And summer's blossoms scent the sunny air;  
O, then remember that my lot will be  
Where flowers unfading bloom, that I shall see  
Thousands of dazzling creatures that below  
Have walked in righteousness, and that I go  
Where in the glist'ning robes around the throne,  
A halo bright reveals the Holy One.  
Mother, thy face is from me, but I feel  
The fast warm tears that o'er my weak hand steal;  
And thou dost tremble. If I ceaseless find  
Thy fond love, ever watchful, ever kind—  
If thy untiring care no change could sec,  
Think what God's changeless love for us must be;  
Though slumber o'er thy anxious heart may creep,  
There's One whose eye of love will never sleep.  
Dark shadows o'er my eyelids steal along,  
Say, dost thou hear the angels' swelling song?  
If thou couldst listen to their joyful hymn,—  
But, mother dearest, e'en thy form seems dim;  
Thou wilt not leave me though the night is come.  
Would thou couldst lead me to my radiant home!  
Come nearer yet, and still my cold hand keep,  
And O, sweet mother, now I fain would sleep."

Church of England Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—A POEM.—BY  
THOMAS ROSCOE.

## PART I.

PROUD Julian towers! ye whose gray turrets rise  
In hoary grandeur, mingling with the skies—  
Whose name—thought—image—every spot are  
rife

With startling legends—themes of death in life!  
Recall the voices of wrong'd spirits fled—  
Echoes of life that long survived their dead;  
And let them tell the history of thy crimes,  
The present teach, and warn all future times.

Time's veil withdrawn, what tragedies of woe  
Loom in the distance, fill the ghastly show!  
Oh, tell what hearts, torn from light's cheering ray,  
Within thy death-shades bled their lives away;  
What anxious hopes, strifes, agonies, and fears,  
In thy dread walls have linger'd years on years—  
Still mock'd the patient prisoner as he pray'd  
That death would shroud his woes—too long de-  
layed!

Could the great Norman, with prophetic eye,  
Have seann'd the vista of futurity,  
And seen the cell-worn phantoms, one by one,  
Rise and descend—the father to the son—  
Whose purest blood, by treachery and guilt,  
On thy polluted scaffolds has been spilt,  
Methinks Ambition, with his subtle art,  
Had fired his hero to a nobler part.  
Yes! curst Ambition—spoiler of mankind—  
That with thy trophies lur' st the dazzled mind,  
That 'neath the gorgeous veil thy conquests weave,  
Would' st hide thy form, and Reason's eye de-  
ceive—

By what strange spells still dost thou rule the mind  
That madly worships thee, or, tamely blind,  
Forbears to fathom thoughts, that at thy name  
Should kindle horror, and o'erwhelm with shame.

Alas, that thus the human heart should pay  
Too willing homage to thy bloody sway;  
Should stoop submissive to a fiend sublime  
And venerate e'en the majesty of crime!  
How soon to those that tempt thee art thou near—  
To prompt, direct, and steel the heart to fear!  
Oh, not to such the voice of peace shall speak,  
Nor placid zephyr fan their fever'd cheek;  
Sleep ne'er shall seal their hot and blood-stained  
eye,

But conscious visions ever haunt them nigh;  
Grandeur to them a faded flower shall be,  
Wealth but a thorn, and power a fruitless tree;  
And, as they near the tomb, with panting breast,  
Shrink from the dread unknown, yet hope no rest!

Stern towers of strength! once bulwarks of the  
land,  
When feudal power bore sway with sovereign  
hand—

Frown ye no more—the glory of the scene—  
Sad, silent witness of what crimes have been!  
Accurst the day when first our Norman foe  
Taught Albion's high-born Saxon sons to bow  
'Neath victor pride and insolence—learn to feel  
What earth's dark woes—when abject vassals  
kneel;

And worse the hour when his remorseless heir,  
Alike uncheck'd by Heaven, or earthly prayer,  
With lusts ignoble, fed by martial might,  
Usurp'd man's fair domains and native right.

Ye generous spirits that protect the brave,  
And watch the seaman o'er the crested wave,  
Cast round the fearless soul your glorious spell,  
That fired a Hampden and inspired a Tell—  
Why left ye Wallace, greatest of the free,  
His hills' proud champion—heart of liberty—  
Alone to cope with tyranny and hate,  
'To sink at last in ignominious fate?  
Sad Scotia wept, and still on valor's shrine  
Our glistening tears, like pearly dewdrops, shine,  
'To tell the world how Albyn's hero bled,  
And treasure still the memory of her dead.  
Whose prison annals speak of thrilling deeds,  
How truth is tortured and how genius bleeds!  
Whose eye dare trace them down the tragic  
stream—

Mark what fresh phantoms in the distance gleam,  
As dark and darker o'er th' ensanguined page  
The ruthless deed pollutes each later age!  
See where the rose of Bolingbroke's rich bloom  
Fades on the bed of martyr'd Richard's tomb!  
Look where the spectre babes, still smiling fair,  
Spring from the couch of death to realms of air!  
Oh, thought accurst! that uncle, guardian, foe,  
Should join in one to strike the murderous blow.  
Ask we for tears from pity's sacred fount?  
"Forbear!" cries vengeance—"that is my ac-  
count."

There is a power—an eye whose light can span  
The dark-laid shemes of the vain tyrant, man.  
Lo! where it pierces through the shades of night,  
And all its hideous secrets start to light—  
In vain earth's puny conquerors heaven defy—  
Their kingdom's dust, and but one throne on high.  
See heaven's applause support the virtuous wrong'd  
And 'midst his state the despot's fears prolong'd.  
Thou tyrant, yes! the declaration God  
Himself hath utter'd—"I'm the avenging rod!"  
Words wing'd with fate and fire! oh, not in vain  
We cleft the air, and swept Gomorrah's plain,  
When, dark idolatry unmask'd, she stood  
The mark of Heaven—a fiery solitude!  
And still ye sped—still mark'd the varied page  
In every time—through each revolving age—  
Wherever man trampled his fellow man,  
Unscared by crimes, ye marr'd his ruthless plan—  
Still shall ye speed till time has pass'd away,  
And retribution reigns o'er earth's last day.

Methinks I hear from each relentless stone  
The spirits of thy martyr'd victims groan,  
And eager whispers Echo round each cell  
The oft repeated legend, and re-dwell,  
With the same fondness that bespeaks delight  
In childhood's heart, when on some winter's night,  
As stormy winds low whistle through the vale,  
It shuddering lists the thrilling ghostly tale.  
It seems but now that blood was spilt, whose stain  
Proclaims the dastard soul—the bloody reign  
Of the Eighth Harry—vampire to his wife,  
Who traffick'd for his divorce with her life;  
So fresh, so moist, each ruddy drop appears  
Indelible through centuries of years!  
And who is this whose beauteous figure moves,  
Onward to meet the reeking form she loves:  
Whose noble mien—whose dignity of grace,  
Extort compassion from each gazing face?  
'Tis Dudley's bride! like some fair opening flower  
Torn from its stem—she meets fate's direst hour;  
Still unappall'd she views that bloody bier  
Takes her last sad farewell without a tear.

Each weeping muse hath told how Essex died,  
Favorite and victim, doom'd by female pride,



How courtly Suffolk spent his latest day,  
And dying Raleigh penn'd his deathless lay.  
Here noble Strafford, too severely taught  
How dearly royal confidence is bought,  
Received the warrant which demands his breath,  
And with a calm composure walk'd—to death.  
Nor 'mong the names that liberty holds dear,  
Shall the great Russell be forgotten here;  
His country's boast—each patriot's honest pride—  
For them he lived—for them he wept and died.

And must we yet another page unfold,  
To glean fresh moral from the deeds of old?  
Ye busy spirits that pervade the air,  
And still with dark intents to earth repair;  
That goad the passions of the human breast,  
And bear the missives of Fate's stern behest—  
Say, stifle ye those thoughts that Heaven re-  
veals—

The tears of sympathy—the glow that steals  
O'er the young heart, or prompts soft pity's sigh—  
The prayer to snatch from harsh captivity  
The virtuous doom'd—teach but to praise—ad-  
mire—

Forbid to catch one spark of generous fire!  
The godlike wish of genius, man to bless,  
With rank and wealth still leaguings to oppress!  
Oh! when shall glory wreath the bright virtue's  
claim,

And both to honor give a holier fame?

Ye towers of death!—the noblest still your  
prey,

Here spent in solitude their sunless day;  
In your wall'd graves a living doom they found;  
Broke o'er their night no ray, no gladd'ning  
sound.

Yet the mind's splendor, with imprison'd wings,  
Rose high, and shone where the pure seraph sings;  
Where human thought taught conscience it was  
free,

And burst the shackles of the Romish See.  
Oh! sweetest liberty! how dear to die!  
Bound by each sacred link, each holy tie;  
To save unspotted from the spoiler's hand,  
Child of our heart—our own—our native land!  
And, oh! how dear life's latest drop to shed,  
To free the minds by superstition led;—  
To spread with holy earnest zeal abroad,  
That priceless gem—freedom to worship God!  
To keep unmingled with the world's vain lore,  
The faith that lightens every darkened hour;  
That faith which can alone the sinner save,  
Prepare for death, and raise him from the grave;  
Show how, by yielding all, we surest prove,  
How humbly, deeply, truly, we can love;  
How much we prize that hope divinely given,  
The key—the seal—the passport into heaven.

#### PART II.

What sudden blaze spreads through the crim-  
son skies,  
And still in loftier volumes seems to rise!  
What meteor gleams, that from the fiery north,  
In savage grandeur fast are bursting forth,  
And light your very walls? Tell me, ye Towers—  
'Tis Smithfield revelling in his festal hours,  
Fed with your captives: shrieks that wildly pierce  
The roaring flames now undulating fierce,  
And gasping struggles, mingled groans, proclaim  
The power of torture o'er the writhing frame.  
Dark are your dens, and deep your secret cells,  
Whose silent gloom your tale of horrors tells.

Saw ye how Cranmer dared—yet fear'd to die,  
Trembling 'mid hopes of immortality!  
He stood alone;—a brighter band appears  
Unawed by threats—impregnable to fears;  
Who suffer'd glad the sacred truth to spread,  
In mild obedience to its fountain-head.  
And when at length our popish James would see  
Cold superstition bend th' unhallowed knee,  
The mystic tapers on our altars burn,  
And clouds of incense shade the fragrant urn,  
Shone England's prelates faithful to their call,  
In bonds of truth within thy massive wall.  
See grace divine—see Heaven in mercy pour  
The balm of peace on Albion's boasted shore.

Once wrought by captive fingers on thy wall,  
The hero's home and prison, grave and pall,  
What dark lines meet the startled stranger's gaze,  
Thoughts that ennoble—sentiments that raise  
The iron'd captive from captivity,  
How high above the power of tyranny!—  
And ye that wander by the evening tide,  
Where mountains swell or mossy streamlets glide;  
That on fresh hills can hail morn's orient ray,  
And chant with birds your grateful hymns to day;  
Or seek at noon, beneath some pleasant shade,  
To feel the sunbeams cool'd by leafy glade—  
That free as air, morn, noon, and eve, can roam,  
Where'er you list, and nature call your home;  
Learn from a hopeless prisoner's words and fate,  
"Virtue is valor—to be patient, great!"  
When traced on prison walls, such words as these  
Arrest the eye—appall e'en while they please—  
"Ah! hapless he who cannot bear the weight,  
With patient heart of a too partial fate,  
For adverse times and fortunes do not kill,  
But rash impatience of impending ill."

Yes, still they speak to bosoms that are free  
Within the girdle of captivity;  
Of spirits dauntless, who could spurn the chain  
Of human punishment or mortal pain;  
That e'en amid these precincts of despair,  
Dared free themselves from thralldom's jealous  
care—

Bound but by ties of faith and virtue, be  
Heirs of bright hopes and immortality.  
Oh! great mind's proud inscriptions! Who shall  
tell

What hand engraved those lines within that cell!  
What heart yet steadfast, while around him stood  
Phantoms of death to chill his curdling blood,  
Could battle with despair on reason's throne,  
And conquer where the fiend would reign alone?  
Ah! who can tell what sorrows pierced his  
breast—

Ran through each vein, usurp'd his hours of rest!  
What struggle nerved his trembling hand to trace  
With moral courage words he dared to face  
With acts that ask'd new efforts while he wrote  
To man his soul and fix his every thought!  
Tremble, thou tyrant! proud ambition, blush!  
Hearts such as these thy power can never crush.  
Are they forgotten! no, the rugged stone,  
The lap of earth on which they rested lone;  
The very implements of torture there—  
The axe, the rack, the tyrant's jealous care;  
Each mark that meets successive ages' eyes  
Speaks, trumpet-tongued, a fame that never dies;  
And tells the thoughtful stranger, while the tear  
Unbidden starts, that freedom triumph'd here—  
Plumed her immortal wings for nobler flight,  
And bore her martyr'd brave to realms of light.

Nor false their faith, nor like the fleeting wind,  
Their spirits fled! for theirs the unprison'd mind,  
No tyrant-chains, no bonds of earth and time,  
Could hold from truth and freedom's heights sub-  
lime—

From that bright heaven of science, whence they  
shed

Fresh glory o'er man's cause for which they bled.  
Ask what is left! their names forgotten now!  
Their birth, their fortune! not a trace to show  
Where sleeps their dust! Go, seek the blest  
abode,

Their mind's pure joy, the bosom of their God!  
Then tell if in the dull cold prison's air,  
And wasted to a living shadow there,  
Earth scarcely knew them! if they were alone  
Where they were cast, to pine away unknown!  
Friends, had they none! nor beam'd a wish to  
share

Love, friendship, and to breathe the common air.  
Lost, lost to all! like some lone desert flower,  
Felt they unseen Time's slow consuming power,  
And hail'd each parting day with fond delight,  
As the tired pilgrim greets the waning light!

No glad bright spirits, guardians of the mind,  
Were with them; as the demon-powers unbind  
And lash their furies on the conscious breast  
Of earth's fell tyrants who ne'er dream of rest.  
Theirs, too, joy's harbinger, the thoughts aye fed  
With brighter objects than of earth, that shed  
A light within their narrow home, and gave  
A triumph's lustre to the yawning grave.  
And in that hour when the proud heart's o'er-  
thrown,

And self all-powerless, self is truly known;  
When pride no more could darken the free mind,  
But all to God in firm faith was resigned—  
Then drank their souls the stream of love divine,  
More richly flowing than the Eastern mine;  
Felt heaven expanding in the heart renew'd,  
And more than friends in desert solitude.

Peace to thy martyrs! thou art frowning now  
With all the array of bold and martial show;  
The same thy battlements with trophies dress'd  
Present defiance to the hostile breast;  
Around thy walls the soldier keeps his ward,  
Scared with war's sights no more thy peaceful  
guard.

Long may ye stand, the voice of other years,  
And ope, in future times, no fount of tears  
And sorrows like the past, such as have brought  
A mournful gloom and shadow o'er the thought;  
And if the eye one pitying drop has shed,  
That drop is sacred, it embalms the dead.  
What though a thousand years have roll'd away  
Since thy dread walls entomb'd their noble prey;  
To us they speak, ask the warm tear to flow  
For ills now pressing, and for present woe;  
Bid us to succor fellow-men who haste  
Along the thorny road of life, and taste  
The bitterness of poverty, endure  
All that befalls the too neglected poor;  
And with no friend, no bounty to assist,  
Steal from the world unwept for and unmiss'd.

What though no dungeon wrap the wasting clay,  
Or from the eye exclude the cheering ray;  
What though no tortures visibly may tear  
The writhing limbs, and leave their signet there;  
Has not chill penury a poison'd dart,  
Inflicting deeper wounds upon the heart?  
All the decrees the sternest fate may bind,

To weigh the courage or display the mind—  
All man could bear, with heart unflinching bear,  
Did not a dearer part his sufferings share—  
Worse than the captive's fate—wife, child, his  
all,

The husband, and the father's name, appall  
His very soul, and bid him thrilling feel  
Distraction, as he makes the vain appeal.  
Upon his brow, where manhood's hand had seal'd  
Its perfect dignity, is now reveal'd  
A haggard wanness; from his livid eye  
The manly fire has faded; cold and dry,  
No more it glistens to the light. His thought,  
To the last pitch of frantic memory wrought,  
Turns to the partner of his heart and woe,  
Who, weigh'd with grief, no lesser love can  
know;

Despair soon haunts the hope that fills his breast,  
And passion's flood in tumult is express'd.

Amid the plains where ample plenty spreads  
Her copious stores and decks the yellow meads,  
The outcast turns a ghastly look to heaven;  
Oh, not for him is Nature's plenty given;  
Robb'd of the birthright nature freely gave,  
Save that last portion freely left—a grave!  
Oh, that another power would rule man's heart,  
Uncramp its free-born will in every part;  
Mercy more swift, justice more just, more slow,  
Grandeur less prone to deal the cruel blow,  
To bind men's hands with fetters than with alms,  
And spurn the only boon that soothes and calms.

England! thou dearest child of liberty;  
Free as thine ocean home forever be;  
Thy commerce thrive; may thy deserted poor  
No more the pangs of poverty endure.  
Then shall thy Towers, proud monument! dis-  
play  
The thousand trophies of a happier day;  
And genial climes, from earth's remotest shore,  
Their richest tributes to her genius pour,  
With wealth from Ind, with treasures from the  
West,  
Thy homes, thy hamlets—cities still be blest;  
Till virtue, truth, and justice, shall combine,  
And heavenly hope o'er many a bosom shine;  
Auspicious days hail thy fair sovereign's reign,  
And happy subjects throng their golden train.

From Chambers' Journal.

PERIODICAL WORK CONDUCTED BY LUNATICS.

LUNATICS, who, fifty years ago, were dungeoned and whipped, are now treated to balls and soirées, they conduct farms, and are admitted to public worship. A new feature has been developed in their treatment at the Crichton Institution, Dumfries: they there club their wits to prepare and issue a monthly periodical sheet. The first number of *The New Moon, or Crichton Royal Institution Literary Register*, appeared on the 3d of December, in the form of a double leaf in quarto. It is sold to the public, but we are not informed at what price. In the prospectus, the fact of the exclusive management of the work by inmates is asserted; and the object is stated to be, a humble endeavor to lead persons of that class "to think aright on the chief subjects which should occupy their attention under present circumstances, so that they may leave the institution wiser and better men and women than they entered it."

Not only is the literary matter sane in its gen-

eral tone, and rhetorically correct, but there is a positive merit in several of the little articles. For example, a gentleman signing himself Sigma, thus addresses Dr. Browne, the superior of the establishment, (and we would ask if many men under Thomas Moore could write in the same style more smartly :)—

"I am sorry to learn you have got rheumatism,  
Which is, I am told, a corporeal schism  
Not very unlike what is called Puseyism ;  
If you take my advice, my kind friend, you wont  
follow  
The cold-water cure of that Pluvius Apollo,  
Who at Graefenberg cures old and young of the  
dumps,  
By the magical aid of a couple of pumps.  
Old Pindar, 'tis true, as you very well know,  
In the choicest of Greek has proclaimed long  
ago,  
'Ariston men hudor ;' but, then, what of that !  
The man was a pagan—so, *verbum sap. sat.*  
Your kids, you will learn with much pleasure,  
I know,  
Are all as you left them, and in *statu quo.*  
(This same is a classical phrase, else, ecod !  
I would break Priscian's head, and write *statu*  
*quod ;*)  
Some mad as march hares, but a few like the  
Dane,  
With a slight touch north-east, yet otherwise  
sane.  
Mr. Sacre, that sage transcendental philosopher,  
(I wonder if ever he read Alexander Ross  
over !)  
As his use and wont is, has been blowing the  
balmy,  
And looks, as a smoker should, really quite  
palmy.  
He swears the debates are detestable stuff—  
Not worth a cigar, or a pinch of Scotch snuff ;  
And, faith, I believe that for once, *entre nous*,  
He's not very far wrong—I'm blowed if I do.  
At billiards to-day I gave him a maul ;  
And was n't he savage ! ho, no ! not at all :  
He fumed and he fretted—'The cues were a  
scandal,  
And really unfit for a gemman to handle ;'  
Then concluded by saying, he would give me  
thrice six  
Out of twenty-four points, and beat me to  
sticks !"

"J. C.," who from his style seems of clerical education, preaches to the following effect, and however trite the ideas, assuredly their arrangement here is as good as could be expected from any other quarter whatever:—"Although it is a proper, natural, and laudable wish to be splendidly and extensively useful, yet as every man is most delighted with the esteem, and interested in the good conduct and happiness of his domestics and friends, he ought to be the more careful to 'walk before his house with a perfect heart.' That such instruct their families and lead them in the ways of righteousness, is what is required of them. This is the province of which the care has been assigned to, and of which the improvement will be required at their hands ; and he who exerteth himself in this his station and sphere of action, however low or limited, is as meritorious in the sight of God, and likely to be as happy in himself, as he who, disengaging himself from all domestic ties and duties, gives a wider but more contingent range to his zeal and philanthropy,

and encompasses sea and land to promote the improvement, reformation, and happiness of his fellow-men. But, above all, it certainly deeply concerns parents to set a good example before their children. This is equally beneficial to the public and to themselves ; and the neglect equally fatal to both. If ever any real and substantial reformation of society is to be effected, this is the source from which it must flow ; the sure foundation must be laid in the instruction, education, and moral training of youth."

We conclude with a short lyrical poem, which has, we think, absolute merits sufficient to entitle it to notice, apart from all consideration of the interest arising from the condition and circumstances of the writer :—

"The harp so loved awakes no more,  
Its chords are mute, its charms are gone  
The mind may joy not in its lore,  
Where hope and happiness are flown.

For though it soothed in other days,  
It cannot reach a woe so deep  
As that which o'er this bosom strays,  
To wake the pangs that never sleep.

The wind blows cold o'er glen and hill,  
And nature all is worn and wan ;  
But nature's bosom bears no ill,  
Like that which haunts the heart of man.

What though the torrents dash the steep,  
And frosts her flaunting flowers deform,  
And bid her lift her voice and weep,  
In thunder, strife, and winter's storm ;

The life remains that genial spring  
Can still to wonted state restore,  
And cause her wide her glories fling  
O'er all that lay so waste before.

The wild bee hums around the flower  
That opes so brightly on the brae ;  
The bird sings from the budding bower,  
And cheers the wanderer on his way.

And far upon the moorland gray,  
The plover seeks its summer home ;  
And sunshine crowns the scene of day,  
As far as foot or eye can roam.

And thus are nature's charms replaced,  
As if they had been ever new ;  
Her garlands blooming on her breast,  
Her ringlets beaded with the dew.

But when, amid life's devious track,  
Draws on the darkness of decay,  
Oh, what to man shall ere bring back  
The charms that time hath swept away !

And if the young must oft deplore  
The ills that curb their early glee,  
Oh, what again shall joy restore  
To my loved mountain harp and me !—J. R."

It might be asked, Supposing the writers of these extracts had been at liberty, and had been guilty of some capital outrage, would not such compositions have proved as strong proofs of their sanity, and consequently liability to punishment, as any that have been adduced in cases where punishment has been suffered, or, at best, narrowly missed, (that of Maenaughton, for instance ?) and yet these persons are deemed fit inmates for a lunatic asylum, and actually are in such an asylum at this moment.



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